National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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THE STANDARD.

No Compromise with Slavery.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, Feb. 14th, BY

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: An earnest espousal of the Anti-Slavery cause for a quarter of a century, under circumstances which have served in a special manner to identify my name and labours with it, will shield me from the charge of egotism, in assuming to be its exponent—at least for myself—on this occasion. All that I can compress within the limits of a single lecture, by way of its elucidation, it shall be my aim to accomplish. I will make a clean breast of it. You shall know all that is in my heart pertaining to Slavery, its supporters, and apologists.

Of necessity, as well as of choice, I am a "Garrisonian" Abolitionist—the most unpopular appellation that any man can have applied to him, in the present state of public sentiment; yet, I am more than confident, destined ultimately to be honourably regarded by the wise and good. For though I have never assumed to be a leader—have never sought conspicuity of position, or notoriety of name—have desired to follow, if others, better qualified, would go before, and to be lost sight of in the throng of Liberty's adherents, as a drop is merged in the ocean; yet, as the appellation alluded to is applied, not with any reference to myself invidiously, but to excite prejudice against the noblest movement of the age, in order that the most frightful system of oppression ever devised by human ingenuity and wickedness may be left to grow and expand to the latest generation—I accept it as the synonym of absolute trust in God, and utter disregard of "that fear of man which bringeth a snare"—and so deem it alike honourable and praiseworthy.

Representing, then, that phase of Abolitionism which is the most contemned—to the suppression of which, the means and forces of the Church and the State are most actively directed—I am here to defend it against all its assailants as the highest expediency, the soundest philosophy, the noblest patriotism, the broadest philanthropy, and the best religion extant. To denounce it as fanatical, disorganizing, reckless of consequences, bitter and irreverent in spirit, infidel in heart, deaf alike to the suggestions of reason and the warnings of history, is to call good evil, and evil good; to put darkness for light, and light for darkness; to insist that Barabbas is better than Jesus; to cover with infamy the memories of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs; and to inaugurate Satan as the God of the universe. If, like the sun, it is not wholly spotless, still, like the sun, without it there is no light. If murky clouds obscure its brightness, still it shines in its strength. If, at any time, it seems to wane to its final setting, it is only to reveal itself in the splendour of a new ascension, unquenchable, glorious, sublime.

Let me define my positions, and at the same time challenge any one to show wherein they are untenable.

I. I am a believer in that portion of the Declaration of American Independence in which it is set forth, as among self-evident truths, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Hence, I am an Abolitionist. Hence, I cannot but regard oppression in every form—and most of all, that which turns a man into a thing—with indignation and abhorrence. Not to cherish these feelings would be recreancy to principle. They who desire me to be dumb on the subject of Slavery, unless I will open my mouth in its defence, ask me to give the lie to my professions, to degrade my manhood, and to stain my soul. I will not be a liar, a poltroon, or a hypocrite, to accommodate any party, to gratify any sect, to escape any odium or peril, to save any interest, to preserve any institution, or to promote any object. Convince me that one man may rightfully make another man his slave, and I will no longer subscribe to the Declaration of Independence. Convince me that liberty is not the inalienable birthright of every human being, of whatever complexion or clime, and I will give that instrument to the consuming fire. I do not know how to espouse freedom and slavery together. I do not know how to worship God and Mammon at the same time. If other men choose to go upon all-fours, I choose to stand erect, as God designed every man to stand. If, practically falsifying its heaven-attested principles, this nation denounces me for refusing to imitate its example, then, adhering all the more tenaciously to those principles, I will not cease to rebuke it for its guilty inconsistency. Numerically, the contest may be an unequal one, for the time being; but the Author of liberty and the Source of justice, the adorable God, is more than multitudinous, and he will defend the right. My crime is, that I will not go with the multitude to do evil. My singularity is, that when I say that Freedom is of God, and Slavery is of the devil, I mean just what I say. My fanaticism is, that I insist on the American people abolishing Slavery, or ceasing to prate of the rights of man. My hardihood is, in measuring them by their own standard, and convicting them out of their own mouths.

"Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me; and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit, that they may add sin to sin.

That walk to go down into Egypt, and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh, and to trust in the shadow of Egypt!

Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion.

Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever:

That this is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord.

Which say to the seers, See not; and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things; prophesy deceits; get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us.

Wherefore thus saith the Holy One of Israel: Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon:

Therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly, at an instant."

II. Notwithstanding the lessons taught us by Pilgrim Fathers and Revolutionary Sires, at Plymouth Rock, on Bunker Hill, at Lexington, Concord and Yorktown; notwithstanding our Fourth of July celebrations, and ostentatious displays of patriotism; in what European nation is personal liberty held in such contempt as in our own? Where are there such unbelievers in the natural equality and freedom of mankind? Our slaves outnumber the entire population of the country at the time of our revolutionary struggle. In vain do they clank their chains, and fill the air with their shrieks, and make their supplications for mercy. In vain are their sufferings portrayed, their wrongs rehearsed, their rights defended. As Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, so the slaveholding spirit of this nation rejoices, as one barrier of liberty after another is destroyed, and fresh victims are multiplied for the cotton-field and the auction-block. For one impeachment of the slave system, a thousand defences are made. For one rebuke of the man-stealer, a thousand denunciations of the Abolitionists are heard. For one press that bears a faithful testimony against Slavery, a score are ready to be prostituted to its service. For one pulpit that is not "recreant to its trust," there are ten that openly defend slaveholding as compatible with Christianity, and scores that are dumb. For one church that excludes the human enslaver from its communion table, multitudes extend to him the right hand of religious fellowship. The wealth, the enterprise, the literature, the politics, the religion of the land, are all combined to give extension and perpetuity to the Slave Power. Everywhere to do homage to it, to avoid collision with it, to propitiate its favour, is deemed essential—nay, *is* essential to political preferment and ecclesiastical advancement. Nothing is so unpopular as impartial liberty. The two great parties which absorb nearly the whole voting strength of the Republic are pledged to be deaf, dumb and blind to whatever outrages the Slave Power may attempt to perpetrate. Cotton is in their ears—blinds are over their eyes—padlocks are upon their lips. They are as clay in the hands of the potter, and already moulded into vessels of dishonour, to be used for the vilest purposes. The tremendous power of the Government is actively wielded to "crush out" the little Anti-Slavery life that remains in individual hearts, and to open new and boundless domains for the expansion of the Slave system. No man known or suspected to be hostile to "the Compromise Measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law," is allowed to hope for any office under the present Administration. The ship of State is labouring in the trough of the sea—her engine powerless, her bulwarks swept away, her masts gone, her lifeboats destroyed, her pumps choked, and the leak gaining rapidly upon her; and as wave after wave dashes over her, all that might otherwise serve to keep her afloat is swallowed by the remorseless deep. God of heaven! if the ship is destined to go down "full many a fathom deep," is every soul on board to perish? Ho! a sail! a sail! The weather-beaten, but staunch ship Abolition, commanded by the Genius of Liberty, is bearing toward the wreck, with the cheering motto inscribed in legible capitals, "WE WILL STAND BY OR FORSAKE YOU!" Let us hope, even against hope, that rescue is not wholly impossible.

To drop what is figurative for the actual. I have expressed the belief that, so lost to all self-respect and all idea of justice have we become by the corrupting presence of Slavery, in no European nation is personal liberty held at such discount, as a matter of principle, as in our own. See how clearly this is demonstrated. The reasons adduced among us in justication of slaveholding, and therefore against personal liberty, are multitudinous. I will enumerate only a dozen of these: 1. "The victims are black." 2. "The slaves belong to an inferior race." 3. "Many of them have been fairly purchased." 4. "Others have been honestly inherited." 5. "Their emancipation would impoverish their owners." 6. "They are better off as slaves than they would be as freemen." 7. "They could not take care of themselves if set free." 8. "Their simultaneous liberation would be attended with great danger." 9. "Any interference in their behalf will excite the ill-will of the South, and thus seriously affect Northern trade and commerce." 10. "The Union can be preserved only by letting Slavery alone, and that is of paramount importance." 11. "Slavery is a lawful and constitutional system, and therefore not a crime." 12. "Slavery is sanctioned by the Bible; the Bible is the word of God; therefore God sanctions Slavery, and the Abolitionists are wise above what is written."

Here, then, are twelve reasons which are popularly urged in all parts of the country, as conclusive against the right of a man to himself. If they are valid, in any instance, what becomes of the Declaration of Independence? On what ground can the revolutionary war, can any struggle for liberty, be justified? Nay, cannot all the despotisms of the earth take shelter under them? If they are valid, then why is not the jesuitical doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means, and that it is right to do evil that good may come, morally sound? If they are valid, then how does it appear that God is no respecter of persons? or how can he say, "All souls are mine"? or what is to be done with Christ's injunction, "Call no man master"? or with what justice can the same duties and the same obligations (such as are embodied in the Decalogue and the gospel of Christ) be exacted of chattels as of men?

But they are not valid. They are the logic of Bedlam, the morality of the pirate ship, the diablism of the pit. They insult the common sense and shock the moral nature of mankind. Take them to Europe, and see with what scorn they will be universally treated! Go, first, to England, and gravely propound them there; and the universal response will proudly be, in the thrilling lines of Cowper,

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Inhale our air, that moment they are free!
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall!"

Every Briton, indignant at the monstrous claim, will answer, in the emphatic words of Brougham: "Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves! I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property! The principles, the feelings of our nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it." And Curran, in words of burning eloquence, shall reply: "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been offered upon the altar of Slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust—his spirit walks abroad in its own majesty—his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

Again—take these slaveholding pleas to Scotland, and, from the graves of the dead and the homes of the living, they shall be replied to in thunder-tones, in the language of Burns: "A man's a man, for a' that."

> "Who would be a traitor knave?
> Who would fill a coward's grave?
> Who so base as be a slave?
> Let him turn and flee!"

Pass over to Ireland, and there repeat these excuses for Slavery, and eight million voices shall reply, in the words of Thomas Moore:

> "To think that man, thou just and loving God!
> Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod,
> O'er creatures like himself, with souls from Thee,
> Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty!
> Away! away! I'd rather bold my neck
> By doubtful tenure from a Sultan's beck,
> In climes where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
> Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
> Than thus to live where boasted Freedom waves
> Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves!"

And the testimony of O'Connell, in behalf of all Ireland, shall pass from mouth to mouth: "I am an Abolitionist. I am for speedy, immediate Abolition. I care not what caste, creed or colour, Slavery may assume. Whether it be personal or political, mental or corporeal, intellectual or spiritual, I am for its instant, its total Abolition. I am for justice, in the name of humanity, and according to the law of the living God." "Let none of the slave-owners, dealers in human flesh, dare to set a foot upon our free soil." "We are all children of the same Creator, heirs to the same promise, purchased by the blood of the same Redeemer—and what signifies of what caste, colour or creed we may be? It is our duty to proclaim that the cause of the negro is our cause, and that we will insist upon doing away, to the best of our human ability, the stain of Slavery, not only from every portion of this mighty empire, but from the whole face of the earth." "Let the American Abolitionists be honoured in proportion as the slaveholders are execrated."

Pass over to the Continent, even into Papal-ridden Italy, and there urge the popular pleas in defence of slaveholding, and, from the Vatican, Pope Gregory XVI. shall reply: "We urgently invoke, in the name of God, all Christians, of whatever condition, that none henceforth dare to subject to Slavery, unjustly persecute, or despoil of their goods, Indians, Negroes, or other classes of men, or to be accessories to others, or furnish them aid or assistance in so doing; and on no account henceforth to exercise that inhuman traffic, by which Negroes are reduced to Slavery, as if they were not men, but automata or chattels, and are sold in defiance of all the laws of justice and humanity, and devoted to severe and intolerable labours."

Proceed to Austria, and there defend the practice of pressing men to Slavery, and the Austrian code shall proclaim: "Every man, by right of nature, sanctioned by reason, must be considered a free person. Every slave becomes free from the moment he touches the Austrian soil, or an Austrian ship."

Finally, enter the Tunisian dominions, and there urge the claim of property in man, and Musheer Ahmed Bashaw Bey shall reply: "We declare that all slaves that shall enter our kingdom, by land or by sea, shall be free; and further order, that every one born a slave in our dominions shall be considered as free from the very instant of his birth, and that he shall neither be sold nor bought."

Thus do I prove that, in regard to personal liberty—the right of every man to the ownership of his own body—even Italy, Austria and Tunis are in advance of this boasted Republic, and put it to open shame!

III. The Abolitionism which I advocate is as absolute as the law of God, and as unyielding as His throne. It admits of no compromise. Every slave is a stolen man; every slaveholder is a man-stealer. By no precedent, no example, no law, no compact, no purchase, no bequest, no inheritance, no combination of circumstances, is slaveholding right or justifiable. While a slave remains in his fetters, the land must have no rest. Whatever sanctions his doom must be pronounced accursed. The law that makes him a chattel is to be trampled under foot; the compact that is formed at his expense, and cemented with his blood, is null and void; the church that consents to his enslavement is horribly atheistical; the religion that receives to its communion the enslaver is the embodiment of all criminality. Such, at least, is the verdict of my own soul, on the supposition that I am to be the slave; that my wife is to be sold from me for the vilest purposes; that my children are to be torn from my arms, and disposed of to the highest bidder, like sheep in the market. And who am I but a man? What right have I to be free, that another man cannot prove himself to possess by nature? Who or what are my wife and children, that they should not be herded with four-footed beasts, as well as others thus sacredly related? If I am white, and another is black, complexionally, what follows?

> "Does, then, th' immortal principle within
> Change with the casual colour of the skin?
> Does matter govern spirit? or is mind
> Degraded by the form to which 'tis joined?"

What if I am rich, and another is poor—strong, and he is weak—intelligent, and he is benighted—elevated, and he is depraved? "Have we not one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

> "How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!
> Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
> Midway from nothing to the Deity!
> A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
> Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!"

Such is man, in every clime—above all compacts, greater than all institutions, sacred against every outrage, priceless, immortal!

By this sure test, every institution, every party, every form of government, every kind of religion, is to be tried. God never made a human being either for destruction or degradation. It is plain, therefore, that whatever cannot flourish except at the sacrifice of that being, ought not to exist. Show me the party that can obtain supremacy only by trampling upon human individuality and personal sovereignty, and you will thereby pronounce sentence of death upon it. Show me the government which can be maintained only by destroying the rights of a portion of the people, and you will indicate the duty of openly revolting against it. Show me the religion which sanctions the ownership of one man by another, and you will demonstrate it to be purely infernal in its origin and spirit.

No man is to be injured in his person, mind, or estate. He cannot be, with benefit to any other man, or to any state of society. Whoever would sacrifice him for any purpose is both morally and politically insane. Every man is equivalent to every other man. Destroy the equivalent, and what is left? "So God created man in his own image—male and female created he them." This is a death-blow to all claims of superiority, to all charges of inferiority, to all usurpation, to all oppressive dominion.

But all these declarations are truisms. Most certainly; and they are all that is stigmatized as "Garrisonian Abolitionism." I have not, at any time, advanced an ultra sentiment, or made an extravagant demand. I have avoided fanaticism on the one hand, and folly on the other. No man can show that I have taken one step beyond the line of justice, or forgotten the welfare of the master in my anxiety to free the slave. Why, citizens of the Empire State, did you proclaim liberty to all in bondage on your soil, in 1827, and forevermore? Certainly, not on the ground of expediency, but of principle. Why do you make slaveholding unlawful among yourselves? Why is it not as easy to buy, breed, inherit, and make slaves in this State, compatible with benevolence, justice, and right, as it is in Carolina or Georgia? Why do you compel the unmasked refugee from Van Dieman's Land to sigh for "a plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama," and not allow him the right to own and flog slaves in your presence? If slaveholding is not wrong under all circumstances, why have you decreed it to be so, within the limits of your State jurisdiction? Nay, why do you have a judiciary, a legislative assembly, a civil code, the ballot box, but to preserve your rights as one man? On what other ground, except that you are men, do you claim a right to personal freedom, to the ties of kindred, to the means of improvement, to constant development, to labour when and for whom you choose, to make your own contracts, to read and speak and print as you please, to remain at home or travel abroad, to exercise the elective franchise, to make your own rulers? What you demand for yourselves, in virtue of your manhood, I demand for the enslaved at the South, on the same ground. How is it that I am a madman, and you are perfectly rational? Wherein is my ultraism apparent? If the slaves are not men; if they do not possess human instincts, passions, faculties and powers; if they are below accountability, and devoid of reason; if for them there is no hope of immortality, no God, no heaven, no hell; if, in short, they are, what the Slave Code declares them to be, rightly "deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever;" then, undeniably, I am mad, and can no longer discriminate between a man and a beast. But, in that case, away with the horrible incongruity of giving them moral instruction, of admitting them the catechism, of recognising them as suitably qualified to be members of Christian churches, of extending to them the ordinance of baptism, and admitting them to the communion table, and enumerating many of them as belonging to the household of faith! Let them be no more included in our religious sympathies or denominational statistics than are the dogs in our streets, the swine in our pens, or the utensils in our dwellings. It is right to own, to buy, to sell, to inherit, to breed, and to control them, in the most absolute sense. All constitutions and laws which forbid their possession ought to be so far modified or repealed as to concede the right.

But, if they are men; if they are to run the same career of immortality with ourselves; if the same law of God is over them as over all others; if they have souls to be saved or lost; if Jesus included them among those for whom he laid down his life; if Christ is within many of them "the hope of glory;" then, when I claim for them all that we claim for ourselves, because we are created in the image of God, I am guilty of no extravagance, but am bound, by every principle of honour, by all the claims of human nature, by obedience to Almighty God, to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and to demand their immediate and unconditional emancipation.

I am "ultra" and "fanatical," forsooth! In what direction, or affecting what parties? What have I urged should be done to the slaveholders? Their punishment as felons of the deepest dye? No. I have simply enunciated in their ear the divine command, "Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free," accompanying it with the cheering promises, "Then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in." Yet, if I had affirmed that they ought to meet the doom of pirates, I should have been no more personal, no more merciless, than is the law of Congress, making it a piratical act to enslave a native African, under whatever pretence or circumstances; for in the eye of reason, and by the standard of eternal justice, it is as great a crime to enslave one born on our own soil, as on the coast of Africa; and as, in the latter case, neither the plea of having fairly purchased or inherited him, nor the pretence of seeking his temporal and eternal good, by bringing him to a civilized and Christian country, would be regarded as of any weight, so, none of the excuses offered for slaveholding in this country are worthy of the least consideration. The act, in both cases, is essentially the same—equally inhuman, immoral, piratical. Oppression is not a matter of latitude or longitude; here excusable, there to be execrated; here to elevate the oppressor to the highest station, there to hang him by the neck till he is dead; here compatible with Christianity, there to be branded and punished as piracy. "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." So reads the Mosaic code, and by it every American Slaveholder is convicted of a capital crime. By the Declaration of Independence, he is pronounced a man-stealer. As for myself, I have simply exposed his guilt, besought him to repent, and to "go and sin no more."

What extravagant claim have I made in behalf of the slaves? Will it be replied, "Their immediate liberation!" Then God, by his prophet, is guilty of extravagance! Then Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and all who signed that instrument, and all who joined in the Revolutionary struggle, were deceivers in asserting it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty! The issue is not with me, but with them, and with God. What! is it going too far to ask, for those who have been outraged and plundered all their lives long, nothing but houseless, penniless, naked freedom! No compensation whatever for their past unrequited toil; no redress for their multitudinous wrongs; no settlement for sundered ties, bleeding backs, countless lacerations, darkened intellects, ruined souls! The truth is, complete justice has never been asked for the enslaved.

How has the slave system grown to its present enormous dimensions? Through compromise. How is it to be exterminated? Only by an uncompromising spirit. This is to be carried out in all the relations of life—social, political, religious. Put not on the list of your friends, nor allow admission to your domestic circle, the man who on principle defends Slavery, but treat him as a moral leper. "If an American addresses you," said Daniel O'Connell to his countrymen, "find out at once if he be a slaveholder. He may have business with you, and the less you do with him the better; but the moment that is over, turn from him as if he had the cholera or the plague—for there is a moral cholera and a political plague upon him. He belongs not to your country or your clime—he is not within the pale of civilization or Christianity." On another occasion he said: "An American gentleman waited upon me this morning, and I asked him with some anxiety, 'What part of America do you come from?' 'I came from Boston.' Do me the honour to shake hands; you came from a State that has never been tarnished with Slavery—a State to which our ancestors fled from the tyranny of England—and the worst of all tyrannies, the attempt to interfere between man and his God—a tyranny that I have in principle helped to put down in this country, and wish to put down in every country upon the face of the globe. It is odious and insolent to interfere between a man and his God; to fetter with law the choice which the conscience makes of its mode of adoring the eternal and adorable God. I cannot talk of toleration, because it supposes that a boon has been given to a human being, in allowing him to have his conscience free. It was in that struggle, I said, that your fathers left England; and I rejoice to see an American from Boston; but I should be sorry to be contaminated by the touch of a man from those States where Slavery is continued. 'Oh,' said he, 'you are alluding to Slavery: though I am no advocate for it, yet, if you will allow me, I will discuss that question with you.' I replied, that if a man should propose to me a discussion on the propriety of picking pockets, I would turn him out of my study, for fear he should carry his theory into practice. 'And meaning you no sort of offence,' I added, 'which I cannot mean to a gentleman who does not even discuss the question of paying wooden nutmegs with a wooden as soon discuss the one question with you as the other. The one is a paltry theft.

> 'He that steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands'—

but he who thinks he can vindicate the possession of one human being by another—the sale of soul and body—the separation of father and mother—the taking of the mother from the infant at her breast, and selling the one to one master, and the other to another—is a man whom I will not answer with words—nor with blows, for the time for the latter has not yet come.'"

If such a spirit of manly indignation and unbending integrity pervaded the Northern breast, how long could Slavery stand before it? But where is it to be found? Alas! the man whose hands are red with blood is honoured and caressed in proportion to the number of his victims; while "he who departs from evil makes himself a prey." This is true, universally, in our land. Why should not the Slave Power make colossal strides over the continent? "There is no North." A sordid, truckling, cowardly, compromising spirit, is everywhere seen. No insult or outrage, no deed of impiety or blood, on the part of the South, can startle us into resistance, or inspire us with self-respect. We see our free coloured citizens incarcerated in Southern prisons, or sold on the auction-block, for no other crime than that of being found on Southern soil; and we dare not call for redress. Our commerce with the South is bound with the shackles of the plantation—"Free-Trade and Sailors'-Rights" are every day violated in Southern ports; and we tamely submit to it as the slave does to the lash. Our natural, God-given right of free-speech, though constitutionally recognised as sacred in every part of the country, can be exercised in the slaveholding States only at the peril of our lives. Slavery cannot bear one ray of light, or the slightest criticism. "The character of Slavery," says Gov. Swain, of North Carolina, "is not to be discussed"—meaning at the South. But he goes beyond this, and adds, "We have an indubitable right to demand of the Free States to suppress such discussion, totally and promptly." Gov. Tazewell, of Virginia, makes the same declaration. Gov. Lumpkin, of Georgia, says: "The weapons of reason and argument are insufficient to put down discussion; we can therefore hear no argument upon the subject, for our opinions are unalterably fixed." And he adds, that the Slave States "will provide for their own protection, and those who speak against Slavery will do well to keep out of their bounds, or they will punish them." The Charleston *Courier* declares, "The gallows and the stake (*i. e.* burning alive and hanging) await the Abolitionists who shall dare to appear in person among us." The Columbia *Telescope* says: "Let us declare through the public journals of our country, that the question of Slavery is not and shall not be open to discussion; that the system is too deep-rooted among us, and must remain forever; that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, and the necessity of putting means in operation to secure us from them, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill." The Missouri *Argus* says: "Abolition editors in slave States will not dare to avow their opinions. It would be instant death to them." Finally, the New Orleans *True American* says: "We can assure those, one and all, who have embarked in the nefarious scheme of abolishing Slavery at the South, that lashes will hereafter be spared the backs of their emissaries. Let them send out their men to Louisiana; they will never return to tell their suffering, but they shall expiate the crime of interfering in our domestic institutions, by being burned at the stake." And Northern men cower at this, and consent to have their lips padlocked, and to be robbed of their constitutional right, aye, and their natural right, while travelling Southward; while the lordly slaveholder traverses the length and breadth of the Free States, with open mouth and impious tongue, cursing freedom and its advocates with impunity, and choosing Plymouth Rock, and the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims upon it, as the place and the occasion specially fitting to eulogize Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Bill!

> "Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit
> Of the true-hearted and th' unshackled gone
> Sons of old freemen! do we but inherit
> Their *names* alone?
> "Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,
> Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,
> That Persion's wife or Party's lure can win us
> To silence now?"

Whatever may be the guilt of the South, the North is still more responsible for the existence, growth and extension of Slavery. In her hand has been the destiny of the Republic from the beginning. She could have emancipated every slave, long ere this, had she been upright in heart and free in spirit. She has given respectability, security, and the means of sustenance and attack to her deadliest foe. She has educated the whole country, and particularly the Southern portion of it, secularly, theologically, religiously; and the result is, three millions and a half of slaves, increasing at the appaling rate of one hundred thousand a year, three hundred a day, and one every five minutes—the utter corruption of public sentiment, and general skepticism as to the rights of man—the inauguration of Mammon in the place of the living God—the loss of all self-respect, all manhood, all sense of shame, all regard for justice—the Book styled holy, and claimed to be divinely inspired, everywhere expounded and enforced in extenuation or defence of slaveholding, and against the Anti-Slavery movement—colourphobia infecting the life-blood of the people—political profligacy unparalleled—the religious and the secular press generally hostile to Abolitionism as either infidel or anarchical in its spirit and purpose—the great mass of the churches with as little vitality as a grave-yard—the pulpits, with rare exceptions, filled with men as careful to consult the popular will as though there were no higher law—synods, presbyteries, general conferences, general assemblies, buttressing the slave power—the Government openly pro-slavery, and the National District the head-quarters of slave speculators—fifteen Slave States—and now, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the consecration of five hundred thousand square miles of free territory forever to the service of the Slave Power!

And what does all this demonstrate? That the sin of this nation is not geographical—is not specially Southern—but deep-seated and universal. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." We are "full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." It proves, too, the folly of all plasters and palliatives. Some men are still talking of [illegible] where it is. They admit that, constitutionally, it has now a right to ravage two-thirds of the body politic—but they protest against its extension. This is moral quackery. Even some, whose zeal in the Anti-Slavery cause is fervent, are so infatuated as to propose no other remedy for Slavery but its non-extension. Give it no more room, they say, and it may be safely left to its fate. Yes, but who shall "bell the cat?" Besides, with fifteen Slave States, and more than three millions of Slaves, how can we make any moral issue with the Slave Power against its further extension? Why should there not be twenty, thirty, fifty Slave States, as well as fifteen? Why should not the star-spangled banner wave over ten, as well as over three millions of Slaves? Why should not Nebraska be cultivated by Slave labour, as well as Florida or Texas? If men, under the American Constitution, may hold slaves at discretion and without dishonour in one-half of the country, why not in the whole of it? If it would be a damning sin for us to admit another Slave State into the Union, why is it not a damning sin to permit a Slave State to remain in the Union? Would it not be the acme of effrontery for a man, in amicable alliance with fifteen pickpockets, to profess scruples of conscience in regard to admitting another pilfering rogue to the fraternity? "Thou that sayest, A man should not steal, dost thou steal," or consent, in any instance, to stealing? "If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, then serve him." The South may well laugh to scorn the affected moral sensibility of the North against the extension of her slave system. It is nothing, in the present relations of the States, but sentimental hypocrisy. It has no stamina—no backbone. The argument for non-extension is an argument for the dissolution of the Union. With a glow of moral indignation, I protest against the promise and the pledge, by whomsoever made, that if the Slave Power will seek no more to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes, it may go unmolested and unchallenged, and survive as long as it can within its present limits. I would as soon turn pirate on the high seas as to give my consent to any such arrangement. I do not understand the moral code of those who, screaming in agony at the thought of Nebraska becoming a Slave Territory, virtually say to the South: "Only desist from your present designs, and we will leave you to flog, and lacerate, and plunder, and destroy the millions of hapless wretches already within your grasp. If you will no longer agitate the subject, we will not." There is no sense, no principle, no force in such an issue. Not a solitary slaveholder will I allow to enjoy repose on any other condition than instantly ceasing to be one. Not a single slave will I leave in his chains, on any conditions, or under any circumstances. I will not try to make as good a bargain for the Lord as the Devil will let me, and plead the necessity of a compromise, and regret that I cannot do any better, and be thankful that I can do so much. The Scriptural injunction is to be obeyed: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." My motto is, "No union with slaveholders, religiously or politically." Their motto is "Slavery forever! No alliance with Abolitionists, either in Church or State!" The issue is clear, explicit, determinate. The parties understand each other, and are drawn in battle array. They can never be reconciled—never walk together—never consent to a truce—never deal in honeyed phrases—never worship at the same altar—never acknowledge the same God. Between them there is an impassable gulf. In manners, in morals, in philosophy, in religion, in ideas of justice, in notions of law, in theories of government, in valuations or men, they are totally dissimilar.

I would to God that we might be, what we have never been—a united people; but God renders this possible only by "proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." By what miracle can Freedom and Slavery be made

amicably to strike hands? How can they administer the same Government, or legislate for the same interests? How can they receive the same baptism, be admitted to the same communion-table, believe in the same Gospel, and obtain the same heavenly inheritance? "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye." Certain propositions have long since been conceded to be plain, beyond contradiction. The apostolic inquiry has been regarded as equally admonitory and pertinent: "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what fellowship hath light with darkness?" Fire and gunpowder, oil and water, cannot coalesce; but, assuredly, these are not more antagonistical than are the elements of Freedom and Slavery. The present American Union, therefore, is only one in form, not in reality. It is, and it always has been, the absolute supremacy of the Slave Power over the whole country—nothing more. What sectional heart-burnings or conflictive interests exist between the several Free States? None. They are homogeneous, animated by the same spirit, harmonious in their action as the movement of the spheres. It is only when we come to the dividing line between the Free States and the Slave States that shoals, breakers and whirlpools beset the ship of State, and threaten to engulf or strand it. Then the storm rages loud and long, and the ocean of popular feeling is lashed into fury.

While the present Union exists, I pronounce it hopeless to expect any repose, or that any barrier can be effectually raised against the extension of Slavery. With two thousand million dollars' worth of property in human flesh in its hands, to be watched and wielded as one vast interest for all the South—with forces never divided, and purposes never conflictive—with a spurious, negro-hating religion universally diffused, and everywhere ready to shield it from harm—with a selfish, sordid, divided North, long since bereft of its manhood, to cajole, bribe and intimidate—with its foot planted on two-thirds of our vast national domains, and there unquestioned, absolute and bloody in its sway—with the terrible strength and boundless resources of the whole country at its command—it cannot be otherwise than that the Slave Power will consummate its diabolical purposes to the uttermost. The Northwest Territory, Nebraska, Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, the Sandwich Islands, and colonial possessions in the tropics—to seize and subjugate these, to its accursed reign, and ultimately to re-establish the foreign Slave Trade as a lawful commerce, are among its settled designs. It is not a question of probabilities, but of time. And whom will a just God hold responsible for all these results? All who despise and persecute men on account of their complexion; all who endorse a slaveholding religion as genuine; all who give the right hand of Christian fellowship to men whose hands are stained with the blood of the slave; all who regard material prosperity as paramount to moral integrity, and the law of the land as above the law of God; all who are either hostile or indifferent to the Anti-Slavery movement; and all who advocate the necessity of making compromises with the Slave Power, in order that the Union may receive no detriment.

In itself, Slavery has no resources and no strength. Isolated and alone, it could not stand an hour; and, therefore, further aggression and conquest would be impossible.

Says the Editor of the Marysville (Tenn.) *Intelligencer*, in an article on the character and condition of the slave population:

"We of the South are emphatically surrounded by a dangerous class of beings—degraded, stupid savages—who, if they could but once entertain the idea that immediate and unconditional death would not be their portion, with the consciousness, would be St. Domingo tragedy. But fold force, superior in discipline, if not in barbarity, would gather from the four corners of the United States and slaughter them, keeps them in subjection. *But, to the non-slaveholding States, particularly, we are indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection.* Without their assistance, the white population of the South would be too weak to quiet that insane desire for liberty which is ever ready to act itself out with every rational creature."

In the debate in Congress on the resolution to censure John Quincy Adams, for presenting a petition for the dissolution of the Union, Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, said:

"They (the South) were the weaker portion, were in the minority. *The North could do what they pleased with them*; they could adopt their own measures. All he asked was, that they would let the South know what those measures were. One thing he knew well; that State, which he in part represented, had perhaps a deeper interest in this subject than any other, except Maryland and a small portion of Virginia. And why? Because he knew that to dissolve the Union, and separate the different States composing the confederacy, making the Ohio River and the Mason and Dixon's line the boundary line, *he knew as soon as that was done, Slavery was done* in Kentucky, Maryland and a large portion of Virginia, and it would extend to all the States South of this line. *The dissolution of the Union was the dissolution of Slavery.* It has been the common practice for Southern men to get up on this floor, and say, 'Touch this subject, and we will dissolve this Union as a remedy.' *Their remedy was the destruction of the thing which they wished to save*, and any sensible man could see it. If the Union was dissolved into two parts, the slave would cross the line, and then turn round and curse the master from the other shore."

The declaration of Mr. Underwood as to the entire dependence of the slave-masters on the citizens of the nominally Free States to guard their plantations, and secure them against desertion, is substantially confirmed by Thomas D. Arnold, of Tennessee who, in a speech on the same subject, assures us that they are equally dependent on the North for *personal protection* against their slaves. In assigning his reasons for adhering to the Union, Mr. Arnold makes use of the following language:

"The Free States had a majority of 44 in that House. Under the new census, they would have 53. The cause of the slaveholding States was getting weaker and weaker, and what were they to do? He would ask his Southern friends what the South had to rely on, if the Union were dissolved? Suppose the dissolution could be peaceably effected (if that did not involve a contradiction in terms), what had the South to depend upon? *All the crowned heads were against her. A million of slaves were ready to rise and strike for freedom at the first tap of the drum.* If they were cut loose from their friends at the North (friends that ought to be, and without them, the South had no friends), *whither were they to look for protection?* How were they to sustain an assault from England or France, with the cancer at their vitals? The more the South reflected, the more clearly she must see that she has a deep and vital interest in maintaining the Union."

These witnesses can neither be impeached nor ruled out of Court, and their testimony is true. While, therefore, the Union is preserved, I see no end to the extension or perpetuity of Chattel Slavery—no hope for peaceful deliverance of the millions who are clanking their chains on our blood-red soil. Yet I know that God reigns, and that the slave system contains within itself the elements of destruction. But how long it is to curse the earth, and desecrate his image, he alone foresees. It is frightful to think of the capacity of a nation like this to commit sin, before the measure of its iniquities be filled, and the exterminating judgments of God overtake it. For what is left us but "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation"? Or is God but a phantom, and the Eternal Law but a figment of the imagination? Has an everlasting divorce been effected between cause and effect, and is it an absurd doctrine that, as a nation sows, so shall it also reap? "Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people: Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place: And your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it."

These are solemn times. It is not a struggle for national salvation; for the nation, as such, seems doomed beyond recovery. The reason why the South rules, and the North falls prostrate in servile terror, is simply this: With the South, the preservation of Slavery is paramount to all other considerations—above party success, denominational unity, pecuniary interest, legal integrity, and constitutional obligation. With the North, the preservation of the Union is placed above all other things—above honour, justice, freedom, integrity of soul, the Decalogue and the Golden Rule—the Infinite God himself. All these she is ready to discard for the Union. Her devotion to it is the latest and the most terrible form of idolatry. She has given to the Slave Power a *carte blanche*, to be filled as it may dictate—and if, at any time, she grows restive under the yoke, and shrinks back aghast at the new atrocity contemplated, it is only necessary for that Power to crack the whip of Disunion over her head, as it has done again and again, and she will cower and obey like a plantation slave—for has she not sworn that she will sacrifice everything in heaven and on earth, rather than the Union?

What then is to be done? Friends of the slave, the question is not whether by our efforts we can abolish Slavery, speedily or remotely—for duty is ours, the result is with God; but whether we will go with the multitude to do evil, sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, cease to cry aloud and spare not, and remain in Babylon when the command of God is, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Let us stand in our lot, "and having done all, to stand." At least, a remnant shall be saved. Living or dying, defeated or victorious, be it ours to exclaim, "No compromise with Slavery! Liberty for each, for all, forever! Man above all institutions! The supremacy of God over the whole earth!"

Selections.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S SPEECH.

In Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Thursday, Feb. 16, before a large assembly convened to utter its protest against the Nebraska Fraud—

The Rev. Theodore Parker said, there are times that try the souls of men, times of adversity and of revolution, and in such times there are always souls that cannot stand the rack. There are also times that try institutions, times of prosperity and unexampled wealth. It is in such times that our institutions are put to the test. Will they stand it? For a nation to work happily there must be in it a unity. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed. Have we this unity of ideas, aims and means? Let us look and see. We have the American idea, that all men are born with equal, inalienable rights. The idea of freedom, which tends to Democracy. This idea had its culminating time in the year 1776, and in this very place of Faneuil Hall. Up yonder is the man whom a Government opposed to this idea proclaimed its hero, when it said he could neither be coaxed nor bought. That was glorious old Samuel Adams. But we have in this nation another idea—the idea of Slavery—and it has its culminating point, as to space, in the City of Washington, and, as to time, in 1854. Can these two ideas work harmoniously? No. They are incommensurable terms; they are antagonistic powers. They can never live peaceably together. Ever since the establishment of this country there has been hostility between them. Twice Freedom has prevailed in this warfare. First in 1787, when, by a solemn ordinance, Slavery was forever prohibited in the north-west Territory; and, second, when it was enacted that the foreign slave trade—not the domestic, I regret to say—should be annihilated, in 1808. These victories were in the early youth of our Republic, while the impulse of the Revolution was not lost, and the Declaration of Independence was regarded as idle rhetoric.

Since that period Slavery has been constantly advancing, and nine times has it triumphed, and freedom been cloven to the ground. First, Slavery was legislated into the Constitution. I know that, in this opinion, I differ from some of my Free Soil friends. I am sorry for it, I wish they were right. But the North wanted Union for the sake of trade, and therefore she submitted to have five slaves counted as three freemen, and this was put into the Constitution, as well as a clause to restore Fugitive Slaves. The second victory was, when Kentucky was admitted to the Union as a Slave State. The third was, when the first Fugitive Slave bill was passed, in 1793. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory with Slavery, in 1803, leading to the admission of Louisiana as a Slave State in 1812, was the fourth victory. The fifth was, carrying Slavery west of the Mississippi, and establishing Missouri as a Slave State. For this we got the pledge which it is now proposed to withdraw. The sixth step of this onward progress of despotism was the purchase of the fine Territory of Florida, and establishing it as a State with a Constitution which forbids its legislature ever to pass an act emancipating the slaves. The seventh great extension of Slavery and the slave power was by the annexation of the vast region of Texas, and the re-establishment of Slavery, when it had been abolished even by barbarous Mexico. The next was the prosecution of the Mexican war to extend the area of Slavery. The ninth and last victory was called the Compromise of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave bill, the extension of Slavery to New Mexico and Utah, and the payment of $10,000,000 to Texas to enable her to concoct other schemes for the extension of that curse which she re-instated after it had been once abolished on her own soil. And now it is proposed that the slave power shall take another stride toward the entire control of our destinies and the entire prostration of freedom on the continent. Why is it that Slavery has in so short a time taken these nine consecutive steps, each more impudent and dangerous to liberty than its predecessor? Why has it not been checked in its career? Is it because we love Slavery? I do not believe that. It is because the South loves Slavery and is faithful to it. It is because, though we love Liberty, we are not faithful to it. You have heard of John Adams, one of the fathers of American liberty (said the speaker, turning round to the wall behind the platform, whence a number of busts and paintings have been removed, to make room for Healy's painting of Webster replying to Hayne in the Senate of the United States, and the marble bust of Webster beneath it). Look, can you find him now? [A voice—Yes, under the gallery stairs!] Where, too, is John Quincy Adams, a man who proved himself true to Liberty? [A voice—Down here.] Yes, he is down there, out of sight. What has done this? It was not Webster's opposition to Hayne that did it. If that had been the motive, the picture would have been put up long ago—and by us, all of us—without putting John Adams under the stairs and John Quincy Adams out of sight. No; it was not Webster's opposition to Hayne, which was nobly and well done, that put his picture behind me—thank God it is *behind* me—and put the champions of Liberty out of sight. It was a later speech of his, which gave to the slave power the last victory, in which Liberty was struck down. That did it.

For one thing I loathe and despise the South; she is inflicting the greatest shame that was ever brought upon America. But for one thing I honour the South, her fidelity to what she has made her principle. She is never and nowhere false to it. Even lately on Plymouth Rock, the last place in the world where you would expect that principle to be defended, there a feeble voice from South Carolina proudly and faithfully stood by it. There is no Anti-Slavery outspoken at the South. Among all her judges and legislators and governors, there is not one who is not true to her idea of Slavery. That is what we lack at the North. We are not faithful to Liberty. We do not stand by her when she is assailed by the antagonist principle. Where is the Northern State that has an Anti-Slavery Governor. I know not one. Our Boston representative, Gorham, spoke out our mind truly—I honour him for that—when he said Massachusetts wants the Union for the sake of trade. That is why we helped the slaveholders put Slavery into the Constitution, why we let five slaves be counted as three freemen, and why we hunt fugitive slaves. Yet we profess to stand by the idea of human liberty. I have northern blood in my veins, and every drop of it blushes a redder red to think of our falseness to this principle. Not twelve men can be found in the Senate, though thirty-two members from the North are there, who will vote against this iniquitous bill. If there were even twelve men there true to liberty, they might call for the yeas and nays on every question, and vote and delay this iniquity till the country could be roused. We have 140 of the 233 members of the House, yet it is said that the House has been polled on this question, and the admission of Slavery into Nebraska will have a majority of three or four votes. We have, I am proud to say it, one faithful and earnest man in the Senate to represent Massachusetts. He has loaded his gun well, has his eye on the enemy, and knows best when to fire. He will doubtless do it at the right time. There is another man in the same body, worthy to represent a free State. The moment this outrage was broached, he unlimbered his gun, and discharged it with annihilating effect, so far as the arguments and pretences of the conspirators are concerned. Mr. Chase is the noblest of men. He was born, I am thankful to say, in the State which produced that man (Webster) behind us. He has as good a head as that man, and in addition he has a heart. In the House how many have we to be depended on for liberty without public opinion behind them to keep them right? There are a little handful, I know. There is that noble man, Gerrit Smith, and that old soldier who has led the forlorn hope of Liberty there these many, many years. He is always on his post in time of danger, and we know what he will do. But how many men are there whom we can count *sure* for Freedom?

There went from old Middlesex, a few years ago, to represent Massachusetts in that House, a man who told the South that he would put on his knapsack and shoulder his musket—the old Middlesex musket of Concord and Bunker Hill—and he would take Col. Davis's powder-horn, I suppose, and march to assist the slaveholders in putting down a servile insurrection! What happened to him? Was he indignantly recalled as a disgrace to the principles for which Middlesex poured out her best blood? No; he was sent a second time, a third time, a fourth time, and is now in the Senate. Thus is the North false to her own idea. The South said, Put Slavery into the Constitution. Yes, said the North, only put coppers into our pocket. The South nine times has said, Extend Slavery; and nine times the North has said Yes, only put coppers in our pocket.

Now the tenth time the South draws out that nine times triumphant blade and waves it before our eyes. Is the South to conquer or not? (Cries of "No, no.") I do not know how earnest that cry of "No, no," was? (Loud shouts of "No, no.") Some persons, friends of freedom, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, asked a prominent citizen of Massachusetts to call a meeting of all the people, without distinction of party, to express their opinion thereon. Not a man moved. They asked likewise the Free Soil party to call a similar Convention. They did not stir; and the old rank and file Abolition men, who have nothing to hope for on this side of the grave, and nothing to lose except their manhood, and that cannot be taken from them (loud cheers)—I say the rank and file of the Abolition party called a meeting, and the most eloquent man that Massachusetts ever cradled in her bosom, and the true representatives of the Adamses and Hancocks, and every other noble name that ever did honour to Boston, Mr. Phillips, with an eloquence uncommon even in him, stirred the hearts of Whigs and Free Soilers and old Anti-Slavery men and women, too, who were assembled again in the old Cradle of Liberty. I also said a word, and I asked the people this question: Suppose a fugitive slave is in Boston, will you let him go? Will you tell him that he must not stay, for the kidnappers will take his life, or, what is far worse, his liberty? And the people answered "*No.*" It was a feeble "No" at first, and I asked again, and floor and galleries answered "No," and the old ceiling echoed it back, "*No, a great magnificent* No;" but within a month I was forced to take my own parishioners under my own roof, and arm my own hand—a Minister's hand, too—with weapons that might kill; and within five months 400 citizens of Boston fled away from the Stripes and the Stars, and under the Cross of England found that protection which the sword of Massachusetts over the head of that Indian could not grant them (pointing to the escutcheon of Massachusetts directly facing him) (loud and prolonged cheers). That was not the worst of it. Faneuil Hall had the Sims brigade packed over her head—men liquored in Court-square, and pledged to kidnap a man (applause). Some of you remember the Court-house in chains, and the Judges of Massachusetts, going under, they stooped, crouched and crawled under, and the triumph of the Slave Power was complete. Thomas Sims was taken from Boston, and, on the 19th day of April, was landed by Boston at Savannah. Exactly seventy-six years before, and on that very day, Samuel Adams, hearing the report of the guns that your fathers fired at Lexington, lifted up his hands and said: "Oh! what a glorious day is this!" Seventy-six years after this, Boston delivered on the wharf at Savannah a man kidnapped on her soil, by her magistrates, against the laws of Massachussetts, and carried him back to a Georgian Jail, to be scourged till even the executioner cried out, "Hold, hold, enough—the man will die!" and the master said, "Damn him! let him die—go on and beat him." What is the North to expect? In 1819, John Randolph used for the first time the term "doughfaces." He applied it to Northern men, and he said: "We will drive you back. We will nail you to the counter, like base coin." All Northern men were angry. John Randolph has kept his word. He has driven back the doughfaces—I do not know how many times, but certainly nine times; and now the tenth time comes, and the South says to the doughfaces: "Further back—further back, you doughfaces that you are!" What is there in the history of the North that can rise up and say to the South: "Thus far shall you come, and no further?" There is nothing. Gentlemen, there is nothing. You say the Nebraska bill must pass. I do not say what my opinion is. I am no prophet, and perhaps my opinion is good for nothing. I once said a slave could not be carried away from Boston. It was a lie (laughter). I was mistaken. I shall not be after that sort again (renewed laughter). You laugh, gentlemen; but it is no laughing matter to find that you cannot trust a Northern man. Of all the nations of the world who have been purchasable by money, I think the United States of America has surpassed them all, and capped the climax. I do not think that any nation within two hundred years has furnished examples of men who can be intimidated, bribed and bought up to such an extent as the free States of the North.

What a hurrah we make upon election days, and when they are over what is the man worth who is the result of the election, and whom we send to represent the great ideas of freedom in the councils of this great Republic? Gentlemen, he is worth nothing. You put your finger upon him and he is not there. Now if the South carries the Nebraska bill, will that be the end of it? Not at all. A little while ago we were told that the Union was in danger, and men cried "Save the Union." I thought then it would not be long, as that game turned out, before the Union would again be in danger, and we should have other volunteers to save it. I did not think it would come before 1855. I was, however, a little mistaken in this calculation, as it came in 1854. Now suppose the Nebraska bill is carried; the next step, I think, will be for Congress to pass a law providing that a slaveowner can take his slave into any free State, and keep him there six months, or perhaps a year, or perhaps seven years. The next thing will be to provide that he may take his slave and keep him there as long as he likes. Will the North say No? I am not sure of that, gentlemen. The past does not warrant me in being sure that the North will say "no" any more than it did in 1788, 1792, 1803, 1845, 1847, 1848 and 1850. I am by no means sure of it. Now suppose that point is gained, the next thing will be to repeal the ordinance of '87. It will be declared inoperative. Then the South will insist upon California being a slave State. They will then want new territory, and Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico and the British West Indies will be slave States. Do the North see it? I am not sure of that. Then the next point will be to restore the slave trade; I know exactly that the argument which will be given, if the Democratic party is in power and the Administration favours the measure, is that Free Trade will require the slave trade. Then I know the arguments which Reverend Clergymen will advance. They manufacture argument—I do not mean to say Ministers of Christ. God forbid, for they do no such thing. I mean to say that the ministers of Commerce will do it, and we shall hear the cry raised from the pulpits—I will import my mother, father or brother to save the Union. The like has been already said from our pulpits and by professors in our colleges. Will the North say, "No, we will not abolish the slave trade?" If the Whig party are in power, it will be necessary to restore the slave trade in order to protect our manufactures and compete with foreign nations. I do not know of any depth of wickedness too low and too deep for Northern politicians to dive into and stay under. Not one (laughter and applause). I am very sorry to say these things, for I am a Massachusetts man myself. I am a Northern man, and I am proud of her past history before the Revolution. I take pride and pleasure in her glorious churches, which once rang with the glorious liberties of the children of God. I felt ashamed the first time that I ever spoke in Faneuil Hall, and I said, Who am I, O Lord, that I should have the privilege of standing in the Cradle of Liberty, and lifting my voice in this hall which has rung with the echo of the voices of great and noble men? (Cheers.) I say let us resist the Nebraska measure with all our might, not merely by passing resolutions, but by carrying out the following proposition. I am not a political man, but I suggest that a town meeting shall be solemnly called in every town of the Commonwealth; then a district meeting shall be called in every Congressional District in the Commonwealth, and all men asked to come together, without distinction of party; and then that a great mass meeting be held here—no, not *here in Boston*, but held in the town of Worcester—in the heart of the Commonwealth—held in a city that has never *kidnapped* a man (applause)—held in a town, the court-house of which has never been girded with chains, and the State judges crawling under them (loud cheers). Hold the meeting in the town of Worcester, and discuss the question, and if the bill pass call a convention of all the free persons in the Free States, and pledge ourselves to repeal the Nebraska measure; next to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia; next to abolish it in Utah and New Mexico, and wherever it exists under federal jurisdiction; next to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law and all the so-called Compromises of Slavery, and lastly, go to work and tear that hated leaf out of the Constitution of the United States (loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I am no madman. I am a cool, calm man, who has studied the facts of our nation's history, and know them well. I have studied the ideas which were the programme of principles in the Revolution, and which were the programme of purpose in the formation of the Constitution, and it is to these great truths there embodied and written by God in the hearts of men that I call your attention, and I ask you to swear allegiance by your wives and your children, by the bones of your mothers that are underground, and by the soul of the Almighty God whose higher law rules earth and sea, and sky, and time, and eternity (loud cheers). Well, if we are beaten on the Nebraska measure and on the other measures, let us retreat with our face to the foe, never flinching, losing everything but our honour. Let us fight the battle from line to line, from State to State, until we are driven back to old Massachusetts. Then let us fight it from town to town until at last we are driven back to the old rock of Plymouth, and there with the soul of our fathers still in us, taught by the experience of a hundred years and rich with the promise of all eternity in our bosoms, let us gather together the last shreds of the sacred Mayflower, build our ship, take on board what is left of Puritan integrity and republican virtue, launch our bark upon the waves—go to Greenland, or to Africa, found institutions, and secure the glorious liberty of the children of God (loud cheers).

AN APPEAL

To the Women of the Free States of America on the Present Crisis in our Country.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Providence of God has brought our nation to a crisis of most solemn interest.

A question is now pending in our National Legislature which is most vitally to affect the temporal and eternal interests, not only of ourselves, but of our children, and our children's children for ages yet unborn. Through our nation it is to affect the interests of Liberty and Christianity throughout the whole world.

Of the woes, the injustice and the misery of Slavery it is not needful to speak. There is but one feeling and one opinion on this among us all. I do not think there is a mother among us all who clasps her child to her breast who could ever be made to feel it right that that child should be a slave; not a mother among us all who would not rather lay that child in its grave.

Nor can I believe that there is a woman so unchristian as to think it right to inflict on her neighbour's child what she would think worse than death were it inflicted on her own. I do not think there is a wife who would think it right that *her* husband should be sold to a trader, and worked all his life without rights and without wages. I do not believe there is a husband who would think it right that *his* wife should be considered, by law, the property of another man, and not his own. I do not think there is a father or mother who would believe it right were they forbidden by law to teach their children to read. I do not believe there is a brother who would think it right to have his sister held as property, with no legal defence for her personal honour, by any man living.

All this is inherent in Slavery. It is not the abuse of Slavery, but the legal nature of it. And there is not a woman in the United States, when the question is fairly put before her, who thinks these things are right.

However ambition and the love of political power may blind the stronger sex, God has given to woman a deeper and more immoveable knowledge in those holier feelings which are peculiar to womanhood, and which guard the sacredness of the family state.

But though our hearts have bled over this wrong, there have been many things tending to fetter our hands, to perplex our efforts, and to silence our voice. We have been told that to speak of it was an invasion of the rights of other States. We have been told of promises and of compacts, and the natural expression of feeling has in many cases been restrained by an appeal to those honourable sentiments which respect the keeping of engagements.

The warm beatings of many hearts have been hushed, our yearnings and sympathies have been repressed, because we have not known what to do; and many have come to turn a deaf ear to the whole tale of sorrow, because unwilling to harrow up the soul with feeling, where action was supposed to be impossible.

But a time has now come when the subject is arising under quite another aspect.

The question is not now, Shall the wrongs of Slavery exist, as they have, on their own territories? but shall we permit them to be extended over all the free territories of the United States? Shall the woes and miseries of Slavery be extended over a region of fair, free, unoccupied territory, nearly equal in extent to the whole of the Free States?

Nor is this all; this is not the last that is expected or intended. Should this movement be submitted to in silence, should the North consent to this breach of solemn contract on the part of the South, there yet remains one more step to be apprehended, viz.: the legalizing of Slavery throughout the free States. By the decision of the Supreme Court in the Lemmon case, it may be declared lawful for slave property to be held in the northern free States. Should this come to pass, it is no more improbable that there may be, four years hence, slave depots in New York City, than it was, four years ago, that the South would propose a repeal of the "Missouri Compromise."

Women of free States! the question is not, Shall we remonstrate with Slavery on its own soil? but are we willing to receive Slavery into the free States and territories of the Union?

Shall the whole power of these United States go into the hands of Slavery? Shall every State in it be thrown open as a slave market? This will be the final issue and issue of the question which is now pending. This is the fearful crisis at which we now stand. Is there anything which the women of a country can do now, is? Oh, women of the free States! what did your brave mothers do in the time of our revolutionary struggle? Did not *liberty* in those days feel the strong impulse of woman's heart?

Never was there a great interest agitating the community when woman's influence was not felt for good or for evil. At the time when the struggle for the abolition of the slave trade was convulsing England, women contributed more than any other labourers to that great triumph of humanity. The women and children of England to a great extent refused to receive into their families the sugar raised by the suffering slaves. Seventy thousand families refused the use of sugar, as a testimony to their abhorrence of the manner in which it was produced. At that time women were unwearied in passing from house to house, distributing tracts and books, and presenting the subject in families.

One lady alone called on and conversed in this way with more than two thousand families, and others were not behind her in their labours.

The women all over England were associated in corresponding circles for prayer and for labour. Petitions to Government were gotten up and signed by women.

During my recent visit in England I was called to the bedside of an aged mother in Israel, whose prayers and labours on earth are well nigh ended, but who had borne this sacred cause in her heart from the very commencement. I was never more impressed than when, raised in her bed, with quivering lips and streaming eyes, she lifted her hands solemnly in prayer to God that He would bless the labours for the cause of the slave in America, and at last bring on the final abolition of Slavery through the world.

Women of America! we do not know with what thrilling earnestness the hopes and the eyes of the world are fastened on our country, and with what intenseness they desire that we should take decided ground for universal liberty. This sacred desire is spread through the lower and working classes of other countries, as well as through those in higher ranks.

When I was in England, although I distinctly stated that the raising of money was no part of my object, and, on account of the state of my health, declined to take any responsibility of that kind, yet money was actually pressed upon me unsolicited, from the mere impulse to do something for this cause. Most affecting letters were received from poor working men and women, inclosing small sums in postage stamps, for this object.

Nor has this feeling been confined to England alone; in France, Switzerland and Germany, there has been the same deep emotion. A lady in Stuttgard undertook to make a collection for an American Anti-Slavery fair, and while contributions from all ranks freely flowed in, a poor peasant and his wife in the neighbourhood took down from the walls of their cottage two prints, probably the only superfluities they possessed on earth, and sent them to the collection.

During my stay, I heard from Christains of all denominations how deeply their souls had been moved in prayer for America, in view of this evil. A Catholic lady from the old town of Orleans wrote of her intention to offer special supplications after the manner of her faith. In a circle of Protestant pastors and Christains in Switzerland, I heard the French language made eloquent in pleadings with God that America might have grace given her to right the cause of the oppressed.

Why all this emotion in foreign lands? Is it not because the whole world has been looking towards America with hope, as a nation specially raised up by God to advance the cause of liberty and religion?

There has been a universal expectation that the next step taken by America would surely be one which should have a tendency to right this great wrong. Those who are struggling for civil and religious freedom in Europe speak this word *Slavery* in sad whispers, as one names the fault of a revered friend. They can scarce believe the advertisements which American papers bring to them, of slave sales; of men, women and children traded like cattle. Scarcely can they trust their eyes when they read the laws of the slave States and the decisions of their Courts. The advocates of despotism hold these things up to them, and say, "See what comes of republican liberty!" Hitherto the answer has been, America is more than half free, and she certainly will, in time, repudiate Slavery altogether.

But what can they say now, if, just as the great struggle for human rights is commencing throughout Europe, America opens all her free territories to the most unmitigated despotism? This will be not merely betraying American liberty, but the cause of liberty throughout the world.

And while all nations are moved in view of this subject of American Slavery, shall we only be unmoved? Shall even the poor labouring man and woman of Europe be so pressed in view of the wrongs of the Slave as to inquire, what can *we* do? and we wives and mothers, and sisters of America, sit down content to do nothing in such a crisis as this?

What, then, is the duty of American women at this time? The first duty is for each woman *for herself*, thoroughly to understand the subject, and to feel that as mother, wife, sister, or member of society, she is bound to give her influence on the right side.

In the second place, women can make exertions to get up petitions in their particular districts to our National Legislature. They can take measures to communicate information in their vicinity. They can employ lecturers to spread the subject before the people of their town or village. They can circulate the speeches of our members in Congress, and in many other ways secure a full understanding of the present position of our country.

Above all, it seems to be necessary and desirable that we should make this subject a matter of earnest prayer. The present crisis in the history of the world is one which calls upon all who believe in an Almighty Guardian and Ruler of Nations to betake themselves to His throne.

A conflict is now commencing between the forces of liberty and despotism throughout the whole world. We, who are Christians, and believe in the sure word of prophecy, know that fearful convulsions and overturnings are predicted before the coming of Him who is to rule the earth in righteousness. How important in this crisis that all who believe in prayer should retreat beneath the shadow of the Almighty.

It is a melancholy but unavoidable result of such great encounters of principle that they always tend to degenerate into sectional and personal bitterness. It is this liability which forms one of the most solemn and affecting features of the crisis now presented. We are on the eve of a conflict which will try men's souls, and strain to their utmost tension the bonds of brotherly union which bind this nation together.

Let us pray that, in the agitation of this question between the North and the South, the war of principle may not become a mere sectional conflict, degenerating into the encounter of physical force. Let us raise our hearts to Him who has the power to restrain the wrath of man, that he will avert these consequences, which our sins as a nation have so justly deserved.

And as far as our social influence extends, let us guard against indiscriminate bitterness and vituperation.

Doubtless there are noble minds at the South who do not participate in the machinations of their political leaders, whose sense of honour and justice is outraged by this proposition, equally with our own.

While, then, we seek to sustain the cause of free principle unwaveringly, let us hold it also to be our true office, as women, to moderate the acrimony of political contest, remembering that the slaveholder and the slave are alike our brethren, whom the law of God commands us to love as ourselves.

For the sake of both, for the sake of our dear children, for the sake of our common country, for the sake of outraged and struggling liberty throughout the world, let every woman of America now do her duty.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

THE NEBRASKA INIQUITY.

Serious as all seriously disposed persons must feel in the expectation of the *coup d'état* that impends over the country, the element of the absurd, which will intrude itself on the most solemn occasions, cannot be kept entirely out of sight on this. "The Whirligig of Time has brought about his revenges" sooner and in a different way from what had been looked for by the weather-wise watchers of the political horizon. The Compromise of 1850 was not a Finality in the sense in which it was meant to be one by the battered politicians of the North. It was hoped that it would be a Finality to the Domination of the Democrats by the Whigs, and a Finality to the hopes of rival Democratic candidates by the score or two of those patriots in the field. And it was a Finality only to the hopes of Mr. Webster and his retainers on the one side, and to those of Cass, Douglas, Buchanan, and all the rest of them, on the other. And now the men, some of them, who magnified the Compromise of 1850 as the Salvation of the Union and the Sheet-anchor by which the country is kept from drifting to perdition, profess to be in convulsions of horror at the proposed repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the permission of Slavery in Nebraska. To see Castle-Gardenites in New York and Webster-Whigs in Massachusetts rampant with indignation at two Nebraska Villany, cannot but remind one of Mother Cole and another Midnight holding up hands of virtuous indignation at the growing wickedness of the town. We have not the slightest objection to their making the Slaveholders believe that they are in earnest, if they can; but we apprehend that those birds of prey are altogether too old to be caught with chaff of this very light description.

Lord Chatham said once, in reference to the French War he carried on so successfully, that there was a time when we should have been satisfied with bringing France upon her knees; but that, now, he would not rest till he had laid her upon her back. So the Slaveholders feel towards their natural enemy, the North. This last, good easy soul, thought her antagonists would be content with the genuflexion volunteered in 1850, and now she is astonished to find that they will not be content till they have laid her, not indeed on her back, but flat on her face, in the dust, at their feet. This they seem now to have a fair prospect of doing. Every candidate for the Presidency is either openly in favour of it or opposing it with the humility of a Uriah Heep, apologizing for his existence, and trying to show how slight is the distinction between a doughface and a slack-baked one. The President, with 50,000 offices in his hand, intimates that no opposer of the Bill has anything to hope from him—an intimation pregnant with fate and mighty as destiny. The only spirited resistance that has thus far been made to the crime has come from Mr. Chase, a Free Soil Senator, which does not forebode a very general resistance from the two great and "healthy" organizations, who hold the balance in their hand. Why should not the Slaveholders achieve this new victory, crown themselves with this fresh laurel, and make their vanquished enemies again pass under the yoke? We can see no reason why not.

We are told, to be sure, that Slavery cannot exist in Nebraska. We have heard before of "physical geography" and "Asiatic Scenery"; but for all that, we have a Slaveholding Governor and a bench of Slaveholding Judges doing all they can to compel Slavery to enter in and possess New Mexico. That Slavery will not be as well adapted to develop the resources of any new territory, is of course a flat truism. But that it will be as well adapted to give political weight to our handful of masters, there as elsewhere, is quite as patent a fact. The Slaveholders do not cherish Slavery in Georgia or in Carolina on account of the profitableness of the immediate result so much as because of the political supremacy it gives them in the nation. Where the institutions of a country are arranged with such a devilish ingenuity as to give not more than a hundred thousand voting men, scattered over one-half of the States of the Union, the control of the legislation, the nomination of the Presidents, and the command of the whole policy of twenty-three millions nine hundred thousand souls, on condition that they hold the qualification of ownership in human beings, it is too much to expect of that oligarchy that it will resign its power, or omit to increase and strengthen it. No aristocracy ever yet laid down its authority or divested itself of the element of its supremacy. Like all other nations who are ridden by lords who have come into the world booted and spurred to ride them, we have lifted our masters into the saddle and persuaded ourselves that should we throw them over our heads, it will be our destruction that will ensue, instead of theirs. As long as this delusion lasts, it is of no consequence how deep they plunge the rowels in our sides, or how loud may be the crack of the whip they flourish over us; we shall patiently carry them whithersoever they will.

In every nation tyranny and bad government exist because the people choose to have it so. Louis Napoleon, Francis Joseph, Nicholas himself, hold their sceptres only because the many do not choose to take them away. Whenever the masses of the people choose to have a change in the forms of their polity, it is done. The difficulty is to get the people to see that it is for their advantage that a change should take place. In all countries despotic power is concealed under various disguises and certain mists of antiquity, loyalty or religion. It is not so here. We have nothing but certain Articles of Co-partnership, by which we agree to be bound for our mutual convenience and advantage. Within a few years, indeed, attempts have been made to apotheosize this legal document and to hedge about with a kind of awe a parchment of no more inherent sanctity than a bill of lading or a policy of insurance. This is all gammon, of course. No one but a very suckling Whig supposes the Union to be of any authority or validity excepting as far as it is the shrine and sanctuary of our National Idol, the Almighty Dollar. The Union is respected because it is, falsely, understood to stand for our National prosperity. When Meetings in Castle Garden or Faneuil Hall vapour about Loyalty to the Union and Constitution, none but a fool supposes they mean the musty parchment and the institutions existing under it. They mean Clippe Ships, Government Contracts, Warehouses bursting with Merchandise, large profits, great dividends; they mean houses in the Fifth Avenue, or Beacon street, services of plate, servants in livery, Polyphar balls, dinners of seven courses and twenty five kinds of wine, fine carriages and horses; they mean tours in Europe, winters in Paris and Rome, summers in Switzerland, presentations at Court, tuft-hunting and toadying, purchases of pictures, books, statues, whatever, in short, money can buy.

Let the Slaveholders only mism

But we nail this misrepresentation of the *Star* to the counter by the following direct and emphatic testimony to the point in question: Senator Cooper, of Pennsylvania, was one of the famous Committee of Thirteen that originated the Compromise measures, of which Mr. Clay was Chairman. Mr. Cooper states that the question of the effect of these measures upon the Compromise of 1820 came up and was discussed in that Committee, and that every member of it, and Mr. Clay especially, explicitly declared that the proposed Compromise of 1850 did not in any degree affect or impair the legislation of 1820, for no reference was made or intended thereto; and Mr. Clay even went so far, we understand, as to instance the salutary influence and stable character of the Compromise of 1820, which he declared no one thought of disturbing, as furnishing a happy precedent for the series of measures then under consideration.

The misrepresentation of Mr. Clay's views on this subject is however no worse than the daily misrepresentations of the paid organs of the Government in regard to every other point in the existing controversy. The world has seen barefaced lying and excessive ingenuity at distortion practiced before. But we doubt if it ever saw anything quite equal to current misrepresentations on the Missouri Compromise. The falsehoods are so transparent, and the expositions of modern political history so monstrous, however, that they will recoil on the heads of their authors, and need give but little concern to the friends and supporters of the great measure at which they are aimed.

VOICE OF THE WORKINGMEN OF NEW YORK.

On Saturday evening last an immense assembly, composed for the most part of the intelligent Workingmen of New York, convened in the Tabernacle, to utter a protest against the efforts now making by corrupt politicians to throw down the barriers erected to prevent the extension of Slavery to territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. Joseph P. Simpson presided, assisted by a large number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. Joseph Blunt introduced a series of resolutions, prefacing them with a strong speech. Next came Hon. John P. Hale, who was received with the heartiest applause. His address was an able argument in favour of the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the extension of Slavery into Nebraska, and contained many of those happy hits with which his speeches are always enlivened. Some passages were exceedingly eloquent, and kindled much enthusiasm in the audience. He stated the question at issue in forcible language, as follows:

What is the question? That land will soon be settled; the wars and oppressions of the Old World are turning out hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands annually to people it. Soon another tide will come from the East, across the Pacific, as now it pours across the Atlantic, and the tides will meet and settle there in the central land, and the Chinese will find that he has left one central kingdom to find another on another continent. And what shall be its institutions of Government? Shall they be such as have made New York and New England what they are? Shall the hum of busy industry be heard on its hills and in its valleys—shall churches and school-houses and academies top its hills? (Loud cries of "Yes, yes," and cheers.) Shall spires of Christian churches point from grateful hearts to a beneficent God? (Cheers.) And when the labourer goes home at night, wearied with his toil, shall he look in the face of a wife that is his, and on the children of his love, secured to him by the laws not only of God, but of man also? Shall the grateful song of thanksgiving go up to the Giver of every good, from free hearts and happy homes? or, instead of that, shall the clank of the chain and the wail of the bondman go up filling the ear of Him who has revealed it as His peculiar glory that He is the God of the oppressed? (Loud cheers.) That is the question, my friends. That is what you have to settle; not for this year—not for this generation—not for this century, but for all coming time, as long as the institutions of human Government influence the common condition. And, my friends, let the wings of your imagination take flight, and see if you can scan the vastness, the magnitude, the importance, the immensity and infinity of this question. Let me ask you, my friends—my political friends—if this is one of those minor questions which you are willing to trade off at the polls for a place in the Custom House? (Loud cheers and laughter.) Is not there something that is a little higher and holier than to be put in the political shambles for the market, and is not this one of those questions?

Mr. Hale concluded his speech as follows:

This question is with you my friends, and I would rather argue this question for effect to night before this audience than before either house of Congress (loud applause). I tell you if the workingmen of New York, whose children will go out and people that land, and if the foreign population of New York, and all who have an interest in free farms (enthusiastic cheers) and free houses (loud cheers), will look to that inheritance, the most magnificent that a beneficent God ever gave to any people, and are determined that it shall be what their fathers more than a third of a century ago voted it should be, it will remain so. It lies with you, my friends, and you ought to make these sentiments known, and to make it known that you are in earnest about it. Here is a great question; it spreads over all time; it belongs to everything that is dear to the human heart; it relates to generations away down in the future as far as hope can penetrate; it belongs to all time—to the countless generations that are to people this vast Continent till the last trumpet shall announce that time shall be no more (applause). We must wake up to the immense importance of this question. One of your resolutions tells you to call upon the ministers to be up and praying, and if they are faithful they can do much; they will tell you they can pray, and that is something; but you can vote, and that is a great deal better. Take this question and look at it—it is one that is of more than local importance; it is a question that rises above petty policy, a question that belongs to progress, to humanity, to those best interests of the present and the future, and the doctrines of all coming time—nay, to the destinies of eternity itself (loud cheers). Take this question, tell the politicians to stand on one side. Tell them that you will give them the Custom House and the Post Offices, and everything but this fair inheritance which God intended for the abode of freemen, and that you intend, God helping, to maintain by your vote, your purpose, your resolution, and your determination, to leave free for your children, and your children's children, a place where the honest labourer may labour in the dignity of his own manhood—a labour which shall not be degraded by working side by side with the slave (loud cheers). Tell them my friends that the working-men of New York are awake to this subject, and that God helping them, this fair inheritance of Freedom shall not be drenched by the sweat of the unpaid toil of Slavery, nor its virgin life burnt out by the fevered foot of the unhappy slave. [Three cheers were here called for, which were twice responded to with hearty good will, and Mr. Hale retired.]

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher followed Mr. Hale in a speech which must have been heard to be appreciated. Here is one of its best passages as rendered by the *Times*. It is impressive, because it shows that the North, in the onward march of events, is beginning to reap the fruits of the seed which the fathers planted.

I do not regard this as a question that has happened to us. I do not think that the great current of human events which have transpired for the last thirty years, have had a jog made in them to admit this subject. I think that this question, which is now beginning to agitate the North, is nothing in the world but one of the blossoms in the North of that tree coming out on the top, and which, when planted as a seed, you would not believe to be poison, and when it came up as a plant, you would not believe it was poison, and when the stem grew and branch after branch came out, still you believed it was not poison, and it was compromise, compromise and compromise, when the Constitution was framed in 1820, and in the Texas matter. It was compromise in the Mexican war, and in 1850, on the asseveration that it was not a poison, and now this that is now taking place is nothing on God's earth but the blossom of that very seed which you have all along been persuaded was not poison. But it is poison (applause). It is as poisonous as God ever made oppression to be. There is nothing that any man can take into his blood so deadly and so hurtful and so injurious to his system, as Slavery is deadly to manhood (applause). I cannot stand here merely to argue this question upon a selfish basis, not merely to argue it upon a political basis; I go back to the very beginning and foundation and say that that which it was understood to be by our fathers and the framers of the Constitution it is still understood to be in this community. Slavery is an evil—an evil that, like the dunghill, sends up prolific weeds which will continue to shake off seeds unnumbered, which will make more, and that to the end. Under the circumstances these two principles, Slavery and Liberty, must come into collision and into conflict. They have got to fight until one or the other of them is dead—totally dead (great applause and cheers). It is like the battle of the vulture and the eagle. Slavery is a vulture with base talons and bloody—bloody beak; and Liberty is, according to our symbol, an eagle, though I should prefer that it was something else; but, nevertheless, it is so in the national association. These two have got to be in conflict until there shall be a declaration of victory on the one side or on the other; and it lies with you whether it shall be a victory of Slavery or a victory of Liberty.

Mr. Beecher alluded to the excuse made by many Southern members of Congress for supporting Douglas's bill. "We know," say they, "that it is infamous, but how can we refuse the boon when Northern men offer it to us?" He could not agree with his friend Hale that this plea should be received in mitigation of Southern guilt in this matter. It makes the case worse instead of better. It is as bad as it can be for the parties who introduced this bill, but when the South says it is infamous, and they would never have done it, but that as it has been offered by the North, they cannot refuse to accept it, they confess their own shame. Why, Sir, how long will it be before an honest man will be willing to say: "I heard a ring at my door last night, and upon answering it I found there a man with his arms full of clothes which he offered to me for a dollar"—of course much less than actual cost? I knew certainly that he had stolen them, but as he had offered them to me, how could I refuse them? (Loud cheers and laughter). But there is no telling what chivalry may not find out (renewed applause and laughter).

Amelioration of Cuban Slavery.—Southern newspapers are not a little disturbed in their dreams of Cuban annexation by certain movements of the Spanish Government for the amelioration of the slave code, and having in view, as they profess to believe, the ultimate freedom of the island. They are evidently afraid that if annexation is not speedily consummated, the slave system in Cuba will ere long be so so far undermined as to make the long-courted alliance undesirable. Cuba as a *free* State would not be an agreeable acquisition in the eyes of the slaveholders. This alarm has been excited by a recent governmental decree, *by* which the class of slaves known as *emancipados* (consisting of those who have been imported since the legal abolition of the slave-trade in 1820, and their children) are hereafter to be ranked as *apprentices* and to have a chance of being entirely delivered from bondage hereafter. It is said that this class embraces 450,000 of the 700,000 slaves on the island. And this is not all. In Cuba slaves have long had the right to hire themselves out, paying to their masters a prescribed sum (10 cents per day on each $100 valuation), and to apply the balance of their earnings toward the purchase of their freedom. The New Orleans *Picayune* says it has satisfactory evidence that this regulation is about to be modified by a new decree, providing that all slaves hired out in the island shall be required to pay their masters only eight dollars per month, and that the surplus shall go to a fund for the liberation of the slave. It is to be further decreed that no slave shall be valued in such cases at more than $500. Thus it will be much easier than it has hitherto been for a slave to secure his freedom. These things, says the *Picayune*, "show that affairs in that island are hurrying to a crisis in the development of a policy which is pregnant with results affecting the existence of the white race there, and of vital importance to the United States." By the "United States" the *Picayune* of course means the slaveholders!

War in Europe.—All hope of preserving the peace of Europe is lost. The Russian Ministers have left London and Paris, and instructions have been sent to the French and English Ambassadors to withdraw from St. Petersburg. The Czar's last proposals are finally rejected, and negotiations are broken off.

Several of Cunard's steamers are taken up by the British Government to carry troops to Constantinople. 6,000 men go from England. Others will be taken from the different stations. About 10,000 will soon be collected to form part of the first expedition.

In Paris immense orders for ammunition, arms and accoutrements are being executed with all haste, and the assembling, organizing and inspecting of troops goes on ceaselessly. Gen. Pelissier is selecting 20,000 picked men of the army of Africa, and 80,000 is set down as the amount of the French contingent. Great activity also prevails in the naval department. At Brest, four sailing ships will be ready in a short time, and two steamers are only awaiting their engines. Levies of seamen arrive from all parts. The ocean squadron will soon be ready to sail, and the squadron of reserve will be in a condition to reinforce it, if necessary.

The war must inevitably be a bloody one. It will involve nearly the whole of Europe, and may continue for years. It will multiply widows and orphans, and increase pauperism and every form of social vice to a fearful extent. Who can name any good it is likely to effect?

Anti-Slavery Discussion in Kentucky.—D. Worth (a Wesleyan preacher, we suppose) writes to the *Wesleyan* that Rev. John G. Fee and himself have been labouring together for the spread of an Anti-Slavery Christianity. They preach boldly against Slavery as a sin. Mr. Worth gives an account of a discussion, before a debating club at a place called Crooked Creek, of the relative evils of Intemperance and Slavery. It being understood that he and Mr. Fee would speak, the house was crowded. Mr. Worth presented the evils of intemperance, and Mr. Fee those of Slavery in a powerful address. An old gray-headed Methodist slaveholder (one who sometimes officiates as class-leader, talking much of his religious experiences and exhorting others to holiness) came to the rescue of the "*Abrahamic* institution." He said God in his providence had so ordered that the blacks should be brought here from Africa to teach them civilization and Christianity; that it was a great blessing to enslave them; that the Bible justified it; that they were well treated, and Mr. Fee's statement to the contrary was not true; and especially his own slaves were treated with great kindness and indulgence. At this moment, says Mr. Worth, a sister belonging to the same class with himself called out, "I reckon, Brother, you have forgot that slave you starved to death in the fodder house." A male voice from the other side of the house was heard to assert that he killed the slave by feeding him on pawpaws. Having finished his speech, he retired with much self-complacency, when the judges decided that the arguments adduced proved Slavery to be a greater evil than intemperance. Mr. Worth was told by several persons that there was no doubt that the cruel treatment of this professing slaveholder, by beating and starving his slave, was the cause of his death!

Friday evening.—Boston was reached by sunset. A few business calls and a visit with Seth Sprague, now a resident of Boston, occupied the evening. He enters heartily into the sinking fund operation, and has pledged an amount that is his full share.—*Wesleyan.*

This paragraph appeared recently in the *Wesleyan*, as a part of the Editor's account of his travels eastward in the service of the Church. Seth Sprague is the degenerate son of a noble sire, whose name he has dishonoured by services rendered to Webster Whiggery in Massachusetts. He is the very man who was selected by Mr. Webster's supporters in Plymouth County to offer him a welcome on his return from Washington after his Speech on the 7th of March, 1850. That service he performed, thus lending his countenance to the Fugitive Slave Law and helping Massachusetts to "conquer the prejudices" which had prevented her from entering into the work of slave catching with "alacrity." And yet we are told he is in good standing in the Wesleyan Church, notwithstanding the claims of that Church to be an Anti-Slavery body. That a Church which consents to endorse such a man as a Christian for the sake of his money should have need of a "*sinking* fund" is not strange. We should like to know how large a sum is regarded by that Church as a fair equivalent for the privilege of eulogizing Daniel Webster and sustaining the Fugitive Slave Act.

William Forster, one of the deputation sent to this country by the London Yearly Meeting of Friends, to present in person a copy of an Address from that meeting to the various slaveholding governments of this country, State and Federal, remonstrating against Slavery, and entreating the adoption of early measures for its abolition in their respective jurisdictions, died recently in the mountainous region of Tennessee, having been arrested by a fatal illness while travelling with his companions in the discharge of his official duties. He was an old man, and had long been identified with the Anti-Slavery movement in Great Britain. His companions, Josiah Forster and John Chandler, after consigning his remains to the dust, proceeded to finish the work assigned them; and having done this, they are about to return to their native land.

Mr. Garrison's Address, delivered at the Tabernacle on the 14th instant, occupies a large share of our space the present week. It needs no words of commendation from us. It is a great relief to turn from the Congressional debates, wherein Anti-Slavery sentiment is pared down into consistency with Constitutional Compromises, or made to conform to the suggestions of a short-sighted expediency, and lend an ear to the utterances of a man who has no party to fear or to serve, and who, under an abiding sense of responsibility to God, dares to speak the whole truth and probe the question to the very bottom. As a clear statement and defence of Radical Abolitionism, this address is timely; and we are glad to be able to state that the American Anti-Slavery Society has published it in pamphlet form, at a price which cannot fail to promote its wide dissemination. Single copies will be sold for 10 cents. Those who purchase 25 copies or more for gratuitous distribution will be charged only 5 cents. We hope our friends in the country will purchase quantities for this purpose. In no other way can they do better service for the cause at so small an expense.

John Mitchel Pictorially Illustrated.—A pictorial newspaper called the *Picayune* illustrates John Mitchel's present moral status by a picture in which he is seen coming out of a puddle, dripping with filth, while "Uncle Sam" stands by in an attitude indicating deep disgust, his nostrils firmly compressed between thumb and finger, the dialogue between the parties running as follows:

Uncle Sam.—Hallo! what ar' yeou paddlin' in that ar' puddle for?

Citizen John Mitchel.—Sure, I'm thryin' to sail my little cock-boat in it. An' as fur the puddle, they tould me ye wor proud iv it, and took delight in smellin' it, an' that if I rowled mesel' over an' over in it ye'd like ME all the betther for it!"

Uncle Sam.—Guess not! The puddle's thar', an' was thar' 'fore I owned the farm, an' I have to let it be, seein' that it smells all the worse when stirred. But I don't like a feller to go dabblin' in it of his own choice, an' yeou must be a nasty boy, or you wouldn't be thar!"

The conception is admirable and worthy of a better style of engraving than that in which the *Picayune* has presented it.

The *Pennsylvania Freeman* of last week says: "It is stated that a well known preacher of the Society of Friends, a woman, from this neighbourhood, in speaking on Sunday evening, the 5th instant, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Norfolk, Va., was stopped by a part of the congregation, because she spoke of Slavery in terms not suited to the ears of the Virginia slave-traders." Eliza Newport is, we presume, the preacher referred to. The Norfolk people are in a somewhat fidgety mood just now, having been called upon to perform a "disagreeable duty" in imprisoning a woman for teaching black children their *a, b, abs*, thereby subjecting their modesty to a rude shock by concentrating upon themselves the gaze of the public!

Blessed be the Union!—Pennsylvania is utterly defeated in her efforts to punish the scoundrels who almost committed murder in attempting to carry off a fugitive from Wilkesbarre last fall. After having been held to bail by the Supreme Court of the State, they were released by Judge Kane, of the United States District Court, by virtue of such law as was set forth several months ago by that modern Jeffries, Judge Grier! "State Rights" are the boast of Pennsylvania politicians, but what are those rights when they come in conflict with the Slave Power?

Religious Discussion.—Rev. Luther Lee (Wesleyan Methodist) and Rev. Samuel J. May (Unitarian) have agreed to debate the following proposition before a public assembly in Syracuse, commencing on the evening of Feb. 28th.

"There are, in the unity of the Godhead, the Father and the Son or Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are eternally co-existent, and equal in all divine attributes."

The arrangement is the result of no unfriendly feeling on either side, and we hope that, for once, two clergymen holding different opinions may be able to discuss their differences in a fraternal spirit.

Hon. Norton L. Townshend, member of the Ohio Senate, upon whose motion Mr. W. H. Day was admitted to a seat within the bar as a reporter, has entered a manly and formal protest against the disgraceful act of that body by which he was subsequently excluded. He declares the act unjust and insulting to a qualified elector and citizen, an exhibition of a blind and cruel prejudice, says it is grievously oppressive to the 25,000 coloured people of Ohio, and looks like a contemptible truckling to the Slave Power.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, has addressed a manly letter, through the *Independent*, to Hon. Isaac Toucey, U. S. Senator from Connecticut, remonstrating with him for giving countenance to the Nebraska swindle, and warning him that in taking such a course he is acting against the religious convictions of his constituents and of the whole North.

The Debate in the Senate.—Within the last week Hon. W. H. Seward and Hon. Charles Sumner have spoken upon the Nebraska Question in the Senate, each with his own peculiar eloquence and power. We must publish one of the two speeches next week, our limits not permitting us to publish both.

NEW MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

A friend in Paris (Mrs. M. W. Chapman) has sent us the documents which may be found below, announcing the formation in France of an Universal Christian Alliance. It is so broad and catholic in its purposes and principles that it necessarily includes that cause to which this paper is peculiarly devoted, and, having neither an American nor English origin, it cannot be suspected of intending specially to exclude Anti-Slavery. Neither is it necessarily in opposition to any existing form of worship or belief, unless, indeed, to speak paradoxically, it be to that which has neither belief nor worship, and therefore, though it may not commend itself to all, it can, at least, be offensive to none. It is, in short, the platform erected for a more general purpose, on which the Anti-Slavery Society has always planted itself, as it is to minds that can comprehend the idea that essential virtue is above, though it may include, the forms of sects, that that cause has always appealed. And as the chief obstacles in the way of its progress hitherto have arisen because that idea is not universally acknowledged, so we can but rejoice in any movement that recognises it as true. We may hail the announcement of this alliance, therefore, as of good hope and promise for the particular reform of which this paper is the advocate.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS OF ALL COMMUNIONS.

The Christian world is divided into three great communions—the Roman Catholic, the Greek and the Protestant churches. Each of these differs from the two others in its origin, its principles, its doctrines, its priesthood and its forms of worships; and each bears in its bosom the elements of dissention, antagonism and discord. Still, at the present time, we see everywhere two opposite tendencies. On one side, the old quarrels which for so many centuries have caused so much hatred, war and crime in Christendom are again revived, so that in every church we see with astonishment the efforts of ardent sectaries, adorers of the past, and in insurrection against the present, ever affirming that out of their church there can be no salvation, and ready to buy its triumph at the cost of the same struggles, sacrifices and calamities. On the other side, humane sentiments are spreading; tolerance is increasing; walls of division are falling; men are drawing nearer to each other; the spirit of union and brotherly love is felt; and we now joyfully behold in every church the Christian friends of peace becoming more and more numerous, ardently desiring the restoration and the victory not of such or such form of religion, but of Religion itself.

The moment is a solemn one. If the first class carry the day, the world must again be inevitably thrown into all the horrors of religious wars. If, on the contrary, the other triumphs, it is impossible to predict to how high a point of greatness and prosperity humanity may be raised, by this new and life-giving effusion of pure Christianity.

No one is ignorant of the intense efforts everywhere made by the exclusive partisans of the Roman Catholic, of the Greek, of the Calvinistic and the Lutheran churches.

The time has come to unite also the individual efforts of those Christians of all denominations, till now separately put forth, who remember the beautiful sentiment of Fenelon—"I prefer my family to myself; my country to my family; the human race to my country"—and who prefer the general and permanent interests of the church universal to the insignificant and fleeting triumphs of their respective sects.

A vast association exists exclusively consecrated to propagation of the Roman Catholic faith. An oriental Greek Society has also been founded for the preservation of all the dogmas, forms, rituals and ancient usages of the Greek church. In the Protestant communions, too, we have seen established, a few years since, an *Evangelical Alliance*, on the foundation of the faith called Orthodox, as presented by the reformers of the sixteenth century.

We propose another association, more orthodox, more evangelical, more apostolic, more catholic, as it seems to us; having for its only principle and object, irrespective of forms of worship or of nationality—

1. The love of God, Creator and Father of all men.

2. The love of men, the creatures and the children of God.

3. The love of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of Men.

Is not this the essence of religion in general? Is it not the doctrine of Jesus Christ? Are not these the fundamental principles of the Gospel? And, do they not, at the bottom, summarily comprehend the doctrines, the morality, the worship, admitted and recognised by all Christian communions?

Now, why should not the members of these communions, renouncing controversy on secondary and single points, and all fatal inhuman and impious divisions, rally freely under this only and divine banner? Why should they not reciprocally respect and aid each other, uniting as children of the same Father, disciples of the same Master, heirs of the same heaven?

All particular creeds have become doubtful—all human authorities, self-styled infallible, are shaken—all pretensions to orthodoxy waver. It is in vain that these workmen of yesterday strive to rebuild the old crumbling monuments to-day.

Whatever its claims may be, no one can henceforth re-establish the Roman, Apostolic, Catholic faith. No one will be able to maintain the immutable forms and doctrines of the Greek church. No one will really resuscitate the confession of Augsburg or of Rochelle.

Christians! Catholics! Greeks! Protestants! Instead, then, of concentrating and exhausting your strength in this impracticable work, unite in productive labour, in the vast field to which the Lord calls you:

Love God, the Creator and Father of all.

Love Man, the Creature and Child of God.

Love Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of Men.

This is the true creed of our times. *This* is the only authority admitted by all. *This* is the only orthodoxy which is necessary, unchangeable and eternal. Oh! may all good men, to what form soever they belong, cordially give each other the right hand of fellowship upon this common ground! Let them be persuaded that of all the great things done or to be done in the present age, that to which we now call them is not the least grand, the least useful or the least holy.

Martin Paschoud, Pasteur.

This appeal, the first public movement towards the formation of the Alliance, was published in 'The Disciple of Jesus Christ,' a monthly publication, edited by M. Paschoud. Address, Cherbuliery, bookseller, 10 Rue de la Monnaie. It was followed by the subjoined Address and Constitution of the Alliance.

Universal Christian Alliance.

M——: The Universal Christian Alliance, which solicits your adhesion and your aid, rests upon a fact proved by the experience of centuries and by the history of our country—upon a principle that the whole Gospel brings to light.

The benefit of Christianity to mankind, the peace it has founded and the progress it has begun, have been constantly sought in doctrines, forms and ecclesiastical organizations; each of these elements of religion have by turns prevailed, and they have often unitedly pre-occupied men's minds, and reigned over their consciences. This error has been very great, and has produced fatal effects; good has been hindered, progress suspended, peace, above all, has been compromised, and long periods of struggle and discord have given the lie to the divine Word—"*You shall be my disciples if you have love one for the other.*"

What ought, on the contrary, to have been placed in the higher rank, above doctrines, forms and ecclesiastical questions, is, Practical Christianity—that Christian love, that Christian life, which is, in our view, the leading idea of the Christian religion.

If the signs of the times have not deceived us—if we have rightly heard and truly understood the desires, the complaints, the reproaches even, of our contemporaries—if it be true that vast numbers of the present generation of men walk blindly or by chance, seeking a new way without finding it, it seems to us that the time has come for a serious attempt to reinstate in the empire of the conscience the principle of Christian love.

This it is which we entreat your aid in accomplishing.

It would be unjust to suspect us of doubting the legitimate importance of doctrines, forms of worship and church order. We repel beforehand such an accusation. What would Christianity be without Christian convictions? A contradiction in terms; a deception in ideas. Each one ought to labour sincerely and conscientiously to make clear in his soul the faith that he has received or originated. Christianity without a form of worship would be only a theory of God and not a relation with God. Each one ought to cling with fidelity to that form of worship which most truthfully expresses his private sentiments. Christianity can only be conceived of, in a state of society, as a communion; in a word, as in churches. No society, not even the holiest, can do without organization, without rules. Each one ought, then, to belong to the church whose constitution best answers to his faith. Still, however serious may be the questions which relate to belief, to rituals, to church order and hierarchy, it is our firm persuasion that the ruling principle of Christian love triumphs over these diversities without effacing them.

We mean not hereby to maintain a cold and disdainful neutrality between different Christian communions, but to profess and recommend mutual support, mutual respect for sincere convictions, and to strengthen, as he may, the only tie which can unite them.

It will be seen that the Christian Alliance is adverse to no church, to no communion, to no Christian opinion; it does but labour with them all that the spirit of Christ should at length yield to the spirit of the Gospel, and that the friends of religion should unite to prepare for all the path of progress in this life and of happiness in the next.

The Alliance will have no other adversary, then, but intolerance.

If we are reproached with seeking to unite tendencies and convictions hitherto pronounced irreconcileable—if it is deemed nothing but imprudence to bring into a common sphere of action minds which could not agree in a uniform explanation of the three-fold principle of love of God, love of Christ, and love of men, we can only reply that thus is Christianity constituted; that, amid the divergencies of faith, it is for the interest of all to find a centre of action apart from these divergencies; and that, according to the teachings of the Master, it is right to offer the same recompense to the labourers of every different hour.

Finally, if the grandeur of our undertaking causes us to be accused of temerity, it is sufficient to remark, to any who may be alarmed by its size, that its development must depend on the aid it receives. It is, in its nature, progressive, depending for its growth on the general will.

The Alliance pledges itself at the outset to pursue its way in the three different directions indicated by the principles we have just presented.

In order, as far as in us lies, to substitute the Christian for the Sectarian, it is evident that we must do good to all without distinction of creed or nationality; turn our attention to the young, and labour to remove prejudice, to extinguish hatred, and to spread those great principles of pure Christianity which say to men, Believe! it is requisite; Adore, it is necessary; but above all that you may truly believe and worship, Love!

Hence the formation of the three committees of the Council of the Alliance. The whole work is in their hands; it is a sufficient guarantee that it has nothing to do with politics. Art. third of the By-Laws indicates the mode of uniting with us.

Such are our principles, our end and our means; and we conscientiously declare, before God and before our brethren, and with equal energy both as citizens and Christians, that it is a work at once fraternal, salutary and fruitful, of which the hour has come.

Accept, M——, the assurance of our best wishes,

The Council of the Alliance.
James Odier, President.

Henri Barbezat, Secretary.

Paris, December, 1853.

The Council intends to form Committees of Ladies immediately.

By-Laws.

"These three things remain, Faith, hope and charity. But the greatest of these is charity."—*St. Paul; I. Cor., xiii.* 13.

Article I. The Universal Christian Alliance has for its object, to put in action these three principles; Love to God, the Maker and Father of all men; Love to men, immortal beings and children of God; Love to Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of Men.

Art. II. The Alliance will seek to attain this object by the following means:

1. The practice of charity towards all men, of whatever faith or nation.

2. To give education and instruction to children, and to watch over apprentices, in the spirit of the Alliance.

3. To propagate and defend its principles by publications and meetings.

Art. III. Any person may become a member of the Alliance by accepting its principles and by signifying his adhesion by the payment of an annual subscription, the amount to depend on the will of the subscriber.

Art. IV. The efforts of the Alliance shall be directed by a Provisional Council, composed of 42 members, exclusive of the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

Art. V. This Council shall be divided into three Committees, to wit:

1. Committee of Beneficence, which shall seek assistance for the old and infirm, care and medicine for the sick, work for the efficient labourer.

2. Committee of Instruction and Patronage, to occupy itself with the education of children, according to the principles of the Alliance. Its efforts will tend to the foundation of schools and asylums, with finding places for youth and apprentices, and with watching over their instruction and their welfare, and, later, their career in life.

3. Committee for the Explanation of the Principles of the Alliance, who are to propagate its principles by publications and by conferences.

Art. VI. The Officers of the Society are to be appointed by the Council. The number of Vice-Presidents is not limited.

Art. VII. The Council, with all the officers, are named for three years. All are re-eligible. The Council shall be renewed by one-third annually.

Art. VIII. Each Committee shall make its own By-Laws, under the approbation of the Council.

Art. IX. Each Committee, with the approbation of the Council, may add to itself a certain number of the members of the Alliance, to second its labours. These may have a consulting voice in the sittings of the Committee to which they are attached.

Art. X. The Council will promote the formation of local Societies, corresponding with those of Paris.

Art. XI. The Council decide upon the time for general convocations of the Universal Christian Alliance.

Council of the Universal Christian Alliance.

President—James Odier, Member of the Central Council of the Reformed Churches and of the Consistory of the Church of Paris.

Vice-Presidents—M. Artaud, Inspector-General of the Libraries of France; M. Gautier, Senator and Member of the Central Council of the Reformed Churches; M. Martin-Paschoud, Pastor of the Reformed Churches of Paris; M. Tourgueneff.

Treasurer—M. Desarts.

Secretary-General—M. Henri Barbezat.

Committee of Beneficence—Messieurs J. Motte, Schlatter, Boutin de Beauregard, Dietz, Fougeirol, Gerente, Alexandre Martin, Merkus, Muller, Piaget, Rossignol, Rougel, the Pastor Rouville.

Committee of Schools and Patronage—Messieurs the Pastor Montandon, Tachard, Bex, Delorme, Despeux, Gravollet, Messener, Meynieu, Moisson, Morin, Poterin, Schneitz.

Committee on the Exposition of Principles—Messieurs Monin-Japy, Member of the Legislature and of the Central Council of the Reformed Churches, Dean of the Mayors of Paris; Delacour; the Pastor Andriosere; A. Coquerel, Jr.; Dameril; Fol; Hunziker; Legrand; Priestly; Raboteau; Lestier, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine.

To this last Committee, the following gentlemen have promised their aid: Messieurs Emile de Bonnechase, the Pastor Athanase Coquerel, Fignier, Muret, Emile Lonuestre; de Quatrefages, Member of the Academy of Sciences; Waddington, Professor of the Faculty of Literature; Weiss, Professor of History at the Lycee Bonaparte.

*Monsieur or Madame.

SUMMARY.

The Maine liquor law has passed the Maryland Legislature, and, if ratified by a vote of the people, will go into operation two years from next May.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, on Sunday evening, preached in favour of the Children's Aid Society recently organized in this City; whereupon a collection was taken up in aid of said Society, amounting to $560.

A private letter from Kossuth, dated London, Jan. 24, and addressed to a gentleman in this country, concludes by saying: "You shall soon hear of a Titanic work on our part; of our heaping Ossa upon Pelion with but our nails for tools."—*Tribune.*

Sale of Negroes.—A gang of 58 negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton, was sold at auction, yesterday, by A. J. White, in families, for the round sum of $34,554, which is an average of a little over $600 each.—*Charleston Mercury, 3d.*

Longfellow.—The Cincinnati *Gazette*, in speaking of the resignation of his Cambridge professorship by Professor Longfellow, says, it is rumoured that he accepts an invitation of the Trustees of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, to join the faculty of that institution.

Jenny Lind.—We learn on excellent authority, says an English paper, that Mr. Mitchell, the London manager, has concluded an engagement with Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), to appear in concerts for six months during the approaching season. The preliminary terms are stated at £25,000.

The Rappite community, residing at Economy, Pa., has remitted $260,000 in gold sovereigns to New York, the past season, for the purchase of railroad securities. It appeared, in a late trial at Pittsburgh, that for the last fifteen years the community had constantly on hand over half a million of dollars.

Intolerance.—A Congregational minister, who visited Providence, was unable to effect a contemplated exchange with a brother minister of that city, because it was understood that he was to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Union, a society that admits young men of *all* denominations to membership. We believe its President is a member of an Orthodox church.—*Chris. Inquirer.*

The Maine Law in Pennsylvania.—We regret to learn from our Harrisburgh correspondent that the Prohibitory Liquor bill has been virtually defeated in the Senate. It was first emasculated by amendments, and then indefinitely postponed. The House has a bill before it, but whether it will pass, or meet with any better fate in the Senate if it should, is very doubtful.—*Pittsburgh Gazette, 17th.*

Vermont.—There is but one city in the State, and not one soldier. We have no police, and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years. We have no Museums, nor Crystal Palaces, but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the centre of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labours, and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots.—*Franklin Herald.*

Woman's Rights.—The correspondent of the New York *Express* says:

"As an evidence of the growth of the Woman's Rights cause, I will mention that Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, of the Providence *Una*, has been assigned a seat in the Reporter's Gallery of the Senate."

As our readers know, the husband of Mrs. Davis has a seat within the bar in the other house of Congress.

Freedom Vanished from Virginia.—A bill is before the Virginia Legislature for the compulsory removal of the free blacks now living in that State. There are said to be over fifty thousand of these African freemen in Virginia. This state can hardly spare so many labourers; and whatever may be its natural aversion to freedom, its pecuniary interest should reconcile Virginia to the presence, however disagreeable, of its freemen.

It is stated that ex-President Fillmore is about to lead to the altar Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Niagara Falls, only daughter of the late Gen. Peter B. Porter, a hero of the war of 1812, and Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams. Miss Porter is thirty-two years of age, and a lady of superior intellect, high cultivation, and large fortune. Her brother and herself are the sole heirs of their father's great estate, including Goat Island and other lucrative property at Niagara Falls. Miss Porter has long been a reigning belle in Western New York.—*Wash. Star.*

The Rev. H. H. Hawkins, a coloured preacher, residing in Canada, formerly the slave of Gen. Taylor, of Newport, visited this city last week, and while here made some statements that will arrest attention. He states that there are in Canada West four hundred slaves, who absconded from their masters, living in Kentucky, within a distance of one hundred miles from this city. Hawkins himself ran away from Gen. Taylor, but his coloured friends here have since purchased his freedom from the heirs of the estate.

There are in Canada thirty-five thousand fugitive slaves, who are represented as in a flourishing condition just now, owing to the high price paid for labour.—*Cin. Com., Feb.* 11.

A Sign of Progress.—A resolution has been introduced into the legislature of Virginia providing that no person *conscientiously* opposed to the institution of Slavery as it exists in Virginia, or to holding negroes and mulattoes as slaves, as they are now held in Virginia, or who professes to be so opposed, shall be admitted to sit on any jury in any case involving a claim of freedom. This is an encouraging indication. There is evidently some conscience in Virginia; for it seems that there are so many persons there "conscientiously opposed to Slavery," that Slavery is not safe in the jury-box. Those pestilent men with *conscience* must be excluded.

Live Quails by Express.—We have from one of the officers of the Express Company that, on Thursday last, they sent to New York *two hundred dozen* live quails in coops. The birds were caught in Iowa, there put in coops, and sent forward in the double quick time for which the company are noted. Speaking of quails, the Madison (Iowa) *Journal* says, that they are so plenty that they run about the streets, flying against and breaking windows, and occasionally come in contact with the side of a house, with such force as to fall lifeless to the ground. The consequence is, that every old musket has been put in requisition, the b'hoys are put in full force, and a general popping is heard in all directions.—*Buf. Cour.*

Tornado in Ohio.—The town of Harrison, Ohio, twenty miles north-west of Cincinnati, was visited by a terrible tornado on Tuesday last. One man was blown out of the street and landed in a lot. Bags of wheat were blown out of a wagon. Sticks of timber were whirled through the air like feathers. There is now a large scantling or joist sticking into the gable end of a frame building, 20 feet from the ground. It had been taken up by the wind and carried along endwise with such force as to drive it through the frame and stick there. The Presbyterian Church was unroofed and the gable end demolished. There were about fifty dwellings, stables and shops, either totally destroyed or badly injured. The storm, however, passed over that part of the town where most were small buildings. The entire loss will not exceed $25,000.

Coloured Men in California.—We learn with pleasure that our friends Peter Lester and Mifflin Gibbs are doing an extensive and prosperous business, in a boot and shoe store, in San Francisco. Their expenses are of course very large, but their business is sufficiently large and profitable to pay them a handsome income, even for California. That coloured men are, more than ever, beginning to engage in profitable branches of business and professions heretofore denied to them, and to acquire wealth, is an encouraging fact to their friends.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LAST OF THE BLENNERHASSETTS.

The vicissitudes of fortune is a subject of trite and common remark. In every rank of life, through all the grades of human society, and changing wheel of fortune is elevating and depressing families; and no prophetic eye can read the destiny of the man, as it gazes upon the unconscious infant, slumbering in the cradle. The insignia of wealth may be stamped upon everything which greets that infant's waking, wondering glance—tones of love may wake its young affections, and cherish them into strong and happy life; parental care may multiply its fostering influences, and centre all its ambition in schemes for the elevation and aggrandisement of that darling child, and yet—and yet

"A whirlwind from the desert come, and sweeps them in the dust;"

and many a cherished one of earth lives to encounter its fiercest tempests, to feel its keenest pangs, and to prove "how much the human heart can bear," ere it breaks, and bleeds, and dies. We may read, and hear, and believe, but we do not realize the force of facts like these, until they are actually brought within the sphere of our own vision; and then, in our new and powerful interest, we forget our past experience, and an almost irresistible influence impels us to narrate the story to others, in the hope of awakening a sympathetic feeling, and perhaps receiving their pratical aid. This is our apology for the following narrative, which is not so relevant to our mission work proper, as are the former histories related in this little book; and yet it was in the prosecution of our mission work, that this sad history was brought before our minds, and it was within the range of our mission walks that the subject of our sketch was first found, and in the prosecution of its regular duties was he again providentially thrown upon our care.

Who has not heard or read of Blennerhassett, so famous in his connection with Aaron Burr, fifty years ago? Who has not dwelt with pleasure on the pictures, drawn by the eloquent pen of the celebrated Wirt, of the Eden, in the Ohio River, ere the tempter entered to betray and to destroy? And who has not burned with indignation, or melted with sorrow over the fearful desolation which swept that happy home, when the sad alliance with Aaron Burr was consummated, and the full result of treachery was felt by its innocent and unsuspecting inhabitants? While all was bright and blooming in that happy isle, ere "coming events had cast their shadows before," to awaken the slightest apprehension, a proud father and a happy mother bent rejoicing over the couch of an infant boy who seemed destined to enjoy all that earth could promise of luxury and ease. Fond hopes and joyous anticipations were indulged, and through a bright vista of happy childhood, promising youth, and successful manhood, they saw in imagination all that the fondest parental hearts could picture or desire.

Alas for the reality! That boy is the subject of our simple narrative—and for the benefit of our youthful readers who may not be familiar with the previous history of this celebrated family, we subjoin a sketch, ere we proceed with the facts which have been so strangely brought before our notice.

"Harman Blennerhassett, the father of the subject of our narative, was the son of an Irish gentleman, but born in England during a temporary visit of his parents. If not of the Irish nobility, they were at least of the superior gentry of their native land; and their son, educated at Westminster and Trinity College, graduated with honour, and entered upon the study of the law at King's Inn—how successfully is shown by the significant appendage of L.L. D., which occasionally accompanies his name. An Irishman, and an Irishman living during the excitement of the French Revolution, Blennerhassett could not but feel deeply the depressed state of his country; yet preferring the paths of literature, and the quiet of domestic life, to the turmoil of the political arena, he soon after his marriage with Miss Agnew (daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man, and grand-daughter of the celebrated general of that name, who fell at the battle of Germantown), left Europe for New York, in 1797, determined to make this country the land of his adoption. After some inquiry, he purchased a beautiful island on the Ohio River, and there built a residence, in whose construction, economy and simplicity were unthought of. The sum of sixty thousand dollars, it is said, was expended by Blennerhasset, in fully establishing himself in his new abode. To the mind of the voyager descending the river, as the edifice rose majestically in the distance, spreading its wings to either shores, the effect was magical; and emotions were produced, not unlike those experienced in gazing on the Moorish palaces of Andalusia. There was a spell of enchantment around it, which would fain induce the credulous to believe that it had been created by magic, and consecrated to the gods. On a nearer approach was observed the beautifully graded lawns, decked with tasteful shrubbery and interspersed with showy flowers: while a little in the distance the elm threw its dark branches over a carpet of the most beautiful green sward. Beyond these, the forest trees were intermingled with corpse wood, so closely as to exclude the noon-day sun; and in other places they formed those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to lose itself; while the imagination conceives them as the paths of wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. The space immediately in the rear of the dwelling was assigned to fruits and flowers, of which the varieties were rare, excellent and beautiful; and the manner in which they were disposed over the surface, unique, elegant and tasteful. Espaliers of peach, apricot, quince and pear tress, extending along the exterior, confined to a picket fence; while in the middle space, wound labyrinthine walks skirted with flowering shrubs, and the eglantine and honey-suckle flung their melliferous blossoms over bowers of various forms. On the south was the vegetable-garden; and, adjoining this, a thrifty young orchard, embracing many varieties of fruit, promising abundant supplies for future use, not entirely neglecting the useful for the ornamental. Blennerhasset had cleared a hundred acres below, and cultivated, in great perfection, the various crops adapted to the soil. The hall was a spacious room—its walls painted a sombre colour, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with gilded moulding, running around the lofty ceiling, while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture in the drawing-room was in strong contrast with that of the hall—light, airy and elegant; with splendid mirrors, gay-coloured carpets, classic pictures, rich curtains, and ornaments to correspond, arranged by Mrs Blennerhassett, with nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of silver-plate ornamented the side-boards and decorated the tables. The whole establishment was chastened by the purest taste, and without that glare of tinsel finery, too common among the wealthy."

This sounds like a fancy sketch, does it not, dear reader? Yet this Eden of beauty once existed, and here resided the parents of him whom we will soon introduce to you in scenes of startling contrast. In this favoured spot the days of his infancy and childhood were spent; and here, amid scenes of such unrivalled beauty, the artist-spirit awoke to life, and expanded, and received such strength, that all the miseries of his mature years have failed to extinguish, or even to weaken it.

It would be unnecessary, in a sketch like this, to enter into the controverted points relating to the celebrated conspiracy of Aaron Burr. After his unsuccessful nomination for the Presidency of the United States, disappointed in his hopes of political preferment, deeply chagrined by the more peaceful measures of Jefferson, and, probably, wrung with remorse for the death of Hamilton, he determined to enter into schemes of conflict and aggrandizement so extensive, as would almost blot from his mind the memory of the past, and transmit his name to the future as a conqueror, the compeer of Pizarro, or as Charlemagne, the founder of a Western Empire. Whether treason to the United States was meditated, we will not now inquire; but in the prosecution of his design, it became necessary to secure the co-operation of the most influential men of the West and Blennerhassett was too conspicuous to be overlooked. On Burr's first visit to the Island, Blennerhassett was absent, having gone to New York, to meet and welcome to America his former playmate and friend, the celebrated Emmet. But a second visit was more successful, and as this interview has been eloquently alluded to by the distinguished William Wirt, we give it as descriptive of the domestic situation of Blennerhassett, ere he was betrayed into those schemes which subsequently proved his ruin. "A shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the mysteries and secrets of nature. Peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely, even beyond her sex, has blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, the destroyer come; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell, yet, the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank he has lately held in his country, he soon finds way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour; the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous.

"Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner (Burr), in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate taste for glory; an ardour panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricanes of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cæsar, Cromwell and Bonaparte." Into Burr's ambitious plans, Blennerhassett freely entered, and soon they were matured and ready for execution. The result of Burr's expedition is matter of history. Rumours, which not only connected him with warlike designs against a nation with whom we were at peace, but which dared to affix treason to his name, were rife in the land; and by orders from Washington, he was arrested, and carried there to stand his trial for the crime alleged. He was acquitted, but his country refused to believe him to be innocent, and after an unsuccessful struggle to retrieve his fallen name he retired from political life, and died unhonoured and unsung. Blennerhassett, as an accomplice of Burr, was also arrested and carried to Richmond, and there confined in the gloomy walls of a prison for some time; but as Burr was discharged on the indictment against him, those against Blennerhassett were not prosecuted. He was merely required to enter into bonds to appear upon requirement at Chillicothe to answer a charge of misdemeanour, for preparing an armed force, whose destiny was the Spanish territory, of which, however, no notice was ever taken.

Thus ended the conspiracy of Burr. But alas! not so ended the misfortunes of Blennerhassett. His pecuniary affairs had become embarrassed. His beautiful mansion had been regarded and used as public property. Almost bankrupt in purse, and with a family dependent on him, he knew not where to look for help in his fallen estate. He made an unsuccessful attempt on a cotton plantation in Mississippi; but ten years passed slowly away, and the prospects of regaining a fortune became less and less flattering. A temporary hope led him to dispose of his plantation, and remove to Canada. But, alas! the hope allured only to destroy. Leaving Canada, he returned to Ireland, in 1822, there to prosecute a reversionary claim, which, in his more prosperous days, he had regarded with indifference. All his efforts were unsuccessful, and finally, he sunk to his last repose, in the Island of Guernsey, attended by his faithful wife who had shared his every joy, and soloced (as far as devoted affection could do) his every sorrow. After his death, the heart of that stricken one yearned to embrace her child, and she returned to New York, and with a devoted slave, and an affectionate son, strove once again to create an atmosphere of love in a quiet though humble home.

For a few years they struggled on; but who can portray the sufferings of that lovely and accomplished woman, as visions of the past rose before her mind? The lovely mansion, the devoted husband, the playful, happy children, the troops of servants, the crowd of friends, all, all would pass in sad review, making the dark present still darker by the contrast; while, as she gazed upon her feeble, suffering son, unfitted by his long privation for those arduous struggles by which alone he could have regained his father's lost property, and thus been reinstated in his former position in society, the future must have seemed shrouded in more than midnight darkness. Sad forebodings filled that mother's heart, and planted their thorn in her dying pillow. The saddest have all been realized by that idolized son, who cannot even now refer to that tender parent, without exhibiting the most intense emotion, which causes his delicate frame to shake as though the fiercest ague were expending its power upon the physical system.

We shall give but a simple outline of the dark picture which has been strangely and unexpectedly brought before our vision, and leave our reader to *realize* the contrast and deduce the moral.

One morning, Mr. E., one of the visitors of the missions, invited a lady to accompany him on a visit to a most interesting old gentleman whom he had found in the vicinity of the mission. She immediately complied, and on the way, was informed that his name was Blennerhassett.

They entered a forlorn and comfortless room, and found an interesting looking man, delicate and refined in appearance, even amid the utter poverty which surrounded him; and whose manner and language gave unequivocal evidence that he belonged to a different position in society from that which he then occupied. He was attended by a coloured woman, whose every look and act betokened the most entire and devoted attachment to her master. Yet, no familiarity of word or manner intimated that she had ever forgotten the relative position which, from his birth, she had maintained towards him.

He received his visitors cordially, but with considerable emotion. He referred to his past history and his present circumstances; and he and the old coloured woman wept together, as past scenes of happiness and of misery were described. He referred with much bitterness to those who had crowded around his father in the days of his wealth and prosperity, and who could forget his son amid adversity and sorrow.

"Do you see that black woman?" he exclaimed, as she was about leaving the room; "she has more heart than all the people I have known. She has clung to me amid all my poverty and sorrow, without the slightest prospect of remuneration or reward. My father was the friend of hundreds. He set up merchants and mechanics, he patronised literature and the arts, he was courted and flattered in his days of prosperity, and when splendid *fetes* were given to Aaron Burr and Blennerhassett, there were enough found to do him homage. But when the storm burst upon his devoted head, how few were found to rally around him, or to befriend his innocent and suffering family! I am poor. I cannot work. I am too infirm; and this old woman (turning again to his devoted servant) has done for me what all the rest of the world have failed to do—given me a quiet home, and a grateful heart." Yet, as he spoke, the look of interest was succeeded by one of sad and mournful import.

The visitors relieved his pressing wants, spoke kindly to his attached servants, and left to meet the other claims which were pressing them on every side.

Months rolled away, and the old man removed his residence far beyond the lady's walks. But he was not forgotten; and again and again he was referred to with interest, and commented on as one of the saddest instances of the reverses of human fortune. A record of this visit was preserved, when again, in the most accidental manner, his residence was discovered. Two of the ladies immediately called. It was a decent-looking house, but the hall and stairs proved that it was *only* a tenament house, and with sad forebodings, we ascended to the upper story. We knocked at the door, and a faint voice said, "Come in." We entered. One glance at the desolate-looking room, uncarpeted and unwarmed, at the miserable bed, without a pillow or proper covering. One glance at the pallid face, and shaking form of its invalid occupant, and we sat down (accustomed as we were to sense of misery), almost powerless to act or speak. Such a tale of want and woe, of physical and mental suffering, was revealed; such loneliness and seeming neglect, such a contrast with what we knew of the early years and prospects of the unfortunate man, that the heart would swell, and the tears would flow, through the trembling invalid had raised himself upon his arm nervously yet politely, inquiring who we were, and what we wanted.

"We are friends," said Mrs. D——, advancing towards the cot, "and we have called to see if we could not aid you; if we could not do something to make you more comfortable." He gazed at her earnestly, and said, "I know your countenance. Who are you?" She mentioned her name, recalled the past to his mind, and then gradually led him to the recital of own woes and wants.

Many questions were asked and answered, and much information elicited, but in a broken and sometimes incoherent manner on his part, and we could not describe the interview, and give it the interest it possessed for those who saw and listened to the mournful tale in that cold and dreary room. We promised him permanent relief, and assured him that, so far as our means and our influence could prevail, he should never again know the destitution from which he had so deeply suffered. We told him God had sent us, and we hoped to benefit his soul and body. We left, and immediately sent him sufficient bedding and clothing to make him perfectly comfortable. In a subsequent interview, many facts were related. For though weak in body, and occasionally confused in expression, his memory seemed unimpaired, and he gave a continuous account of his past life. To our utter surprise, we found he was but fifty years of age, though we had judged him much older from his appearance.

We sketch his history as narrated by himself. "I was the second son of Harman Blennerhassett, bearing my father's name; and was born on the Island in the days of my father's greatest prosperty. My infancy and childhood were guarded by the love of a most devoted mother, and my education during my youth was mostly superintended by my father at home. I afterwards went to school in Canada, and finished my education. Then having a predilection for the law, I entered the office of David Codwise, in New York, and studied three years for that profession. Not being particularly successful, I found my early taste for painting reviving in all its strength, and resolved to yield to the visions which were forever floating through my brain, banishing all legal details, and unfitting me for the prosecution of that arduous profession. I placed myself under the instruction of Henry Inman, and soon became a proficient in the art, and supported myself comfortably by my labours. During this time, my parents were in Canada and Europe. But in 1831, my father died, and my mother returned to this country. We took a house in Greenwich-street (that coloured woman accompanied her), and, although straitened in our means, did not suffer from actual poverty. My mother's health and heart were broken, and she rapidly declined. Watched by that faithful servant and myself, she sank peacefully away, and was interred in Mr. Emmet's vault, by a few faithful and sympathising friends. It is false," he exclaimed, with the utmost indignation, "it is false, that her last days were spent with an Irish nurse. It is false that sisters of charity followed her to the grave. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was buried according to their form, in Mr. Emmet's vault; and the man who wrote that life, knows nothing of my father's history. For all the authentic documents are in that trunk," pointing with his finger, "and I only can supply them." I aided Wallace to write his sketch. I lent the papers to Matthew L. Davis, when he wrote the life of Aaron Burr, and I alone can give the proper information for my father's biography. Why did they not apply to me?

"After my mother's death, I moved to —— street, where you first found me; and since then, I have lived here—an old friend paying rent, and a kind Irish woman assists me in my room, etc.: but I am feeble and suffering. I am dreading paralysis, and, ladies, I need attention, and such as you can only give."

And as he spoke, his frame shook with a strong nervous agitation, and he turned imploringly from one to the other, and was only soothed by the promise that they would do what they could to make his declining years comfortable and happy. May there be "light in the evening time!"—*From 'The Old Brewery.'*

"SOONER HURT THAN HEALED;"

Or, Hints from Hinters.

A few years ago—no matter how many or how few they might be, for the circumstance which I am going to narrate might have been equally likely to occur at any time or at any place—being deprived of the beloved home in which I had passed my earlier years, I retired into a neighbourhood with which I was wholly unacquainted, and the inhabitants of which were to me entire strangers. I am somewhat of a social turn, and also of a sanguine temperament; and, as is natural to a mind of that stamp, I had formed many very pleasant schemes for my future life; and having heard that there was a circle of very agreeable society in the place, to which I had several satisfactory letters of introintroduction, not a few of those schemes were based on the valuable friendships and pleasant acquaintances I expected to form. My comfortable cottage-home was situated in the outskirts of a populous town; and, pending the delivery of the aforesaid letters, I was very much interested in speculating on the habits and characters of the people I met with in my walks, and who I hoped would in time be among those friends, concerning whom I had been building so many castles in the air. I am no gossip; indeed, I shrink from the whole system of busy-bodying and scandal-mongering, and feel it to be a very just remark, that for every tale of scandal that is told, at least three people are injured—namely, the speaker, the listener, and the person spoken of. But, there is a difference between watching one's neighbours with a view to find out their private concerns for purposes of tattle, and that natural interest with which we observe those who are to form our future associates, and with whom our home and social comforts are to be closely interwoven. It was with this latter feeling, and with a cordial desire to like and improve, that I was watching my future friends and associates, and amusing my rather speculative mind by imagining a great deal about them, especially about some few individuals whose appearance was particularly attractive, when, to my surprise, and no small pleasure, I one morning encountered an old schoolmate, with whom in early days I had been closely intimate, although since that time we had seen little or nothing of each other. Our pleasure in meeting was mutual: each lady gave the other a most affectionate greeting; and in the course of our walk—for we instantly joined company, as in days of yore, and gave ourselves up to chat—each communicated to the other the outline of her history since we last met. My friend, Mrs. Frazer, had married an officer in the army, and during the time of of her married life had lived chiefly abroad. She was now a widow, and with a son and two grown-up daughters, had been for some years resident at Morton, and was, in fact, one of my nearest neighbours. A cordial invitation to join her and her girls at their tea-table was given, and most willingly accepted; a dear young niece, who had just arrived on a visit to me, and had shared our ramble, being of course included in the invitation.

The lovely morning had turned off into a pouring wet afternoon, but Lizzie and I were not the least daunted, and with clogs, cloaks, and umbrellas, sallied forth just before dusk on our expedition. The bright sea-coal fire, with a crackling log of wood on its summit, and the pleasant and cheerful aspect of everything about the abode of my friend, were most exhilarating after our dripping walk, and coupled with the warm and affectionate welcome of Mrs. Frazer and her daughters, made me rejoice that I had not allowed the rain to prevent our visit. The two girls—Agnes, who had been our companion in our morning's walk, a fine and intelligent girl of about twenty; and Grace, whom I had not before seen, a graceful and lovely girl, a year or so younger—were so attractive in their appearance, and so warm in their reception of my Lizzie, that I fell quite in love with them; and when placed in a luxurious easy-chair by the fireside, and in close proximity to a tea-table well spread with all those pleasant accompaniments which belong to that meal in houses where the inmates dine early, I speedily began to find myself quite at home, and fell into a state of high enjoyment, no doubt greatly enhanced by the circumstance of my having for some previous weeks spent every evening in solitude. As usual, I took the first opportunity afforded me by a lively talk which was being carried on by the young ones, of noticing those around me. Mrs. Frazer was, I at once saw, a clever and shrewd woman, with a strong sense of the ludicrous, and considerable quickness in detecting absurdity or inconsistency in others, with little disposition to reserve in exposing them. Agnes's fine high forehead, and the thoughtful expression of her clear dark eyes, indicated a mind of a high intellectual stamp; and in Grace, there seemed a combination of the characters of her mother and sister, her lively blue eye catching and reflecting with singular rapidity everything of a mirthful character; whilst at times, when other subjects arose, I could detect in her changeful countenance a ready appreciation of the more weighty points in them. Agnes's mind seemed full of thought, Grace's full of feeling and sympathy; Agnes was reflective, Grace demonstrative—at least, such were the theories formed from the first hours of our acquaintance. Our meal progressed, and the hot buttered cakes, and fresh cream, and bread, vanished with celerity, our appetites no doubt stimulated by the flavour of the fragrant tea, which the elder of the young ladies most gracefully dispensed.

"Come," said I, acting under the inebriating influence of the lively society, and without the most refined discretion, "now, as you have been long resident here, do tell me a little about my neighbours, who they all are, and whom I shall best like."

I have since learned three excellent rules, which all who enter a neighbourhood would do well to learn and practice, but which then, alas! I had not discovered: 1st, Remember that every character has its strong and its weak points, its good and its bad qualities, and that it is your wisdom to try and discover the former, and be as blind as you can to the latter. 2d, Never ask any one to tell you anything about your neighbours, as you will be sure to hear more of the bad than the good. 3d, If you wish to love and be loved, to live in peace and to be useful, never tell to one neighbour anything you may have observed or been told that is objectionable in another. "The least said is soonest mended." I would that I had held by these rules, but, as I have said, such was not the case.

"Well," replied Mrs. Frazer, "it is always a good thing to know a little of the people one is with, and to be sure who one may trust; so I will give you a few hints that may come into use hereafter."

"First, then," said I, "tell me a little about two sweet-looking old ladies who called on me yesterday: I think the address on their card was The Grove."

"O yes; Mrs. Grey and Miss Park. They are very nice people indeed—most benevolent and amiable women," replied Mrs. Frazer.

"And agreeable also, I thought," said I.

"O Mrs. Douglas, did you really?" said Agnes. "We think them such tiresome people, and so will you, when you know more of them; they do so run on, and tell you so many old stories."

"Well, perhaps they were a little prosy," I replied; "but still, I must own I thought them very winning and attractive, and such thorough gentlewomen."

"Yes, and that they certainly are," answered Mrs. Frazer. "How that came about, I can scarcely tell, for they are of not very exalted descent: their father made all his fortune by cabinet-making, or some such trade. I fancy you will not much like them, for, as Agnes says, they are sad twaddlers, and I have heard that, with all their large fortune, they are rather stingy."

"Well," said I, "then there is a nice-looking old man who walks about with a lame lady—I suppose his wife. Who are they? I have taken quite a fancy to them; they look so very cheerful and happy."

A merry glance from Grace was followed by a general laugh, and Mrs. Frazer replied: "Oh, they are General and Mrs. Ticher: we call her Mrs. Twitcher; not that she can help being lame, poor thing! but she looks as if her mouth and her leg were tied together; for every time she takes a step, she wriggles her lips and twitches her face in the funniest way."

"Oh, they are odd people, I assure you, Mrs. Douglass," said Agnes. "You may be sure there is plenty of rosemary in their garden."

"Rosemary!" said Lizzie—"what has that to do with their oddness?"

"Why, did you never hear," replied Agnes laughing, "that where the lady rules, the rosemary always flourishes? You may be sure, before you have been five minutes with them, that Mrs. Twitcher rules at 'The Elms,' as they call their cottage, he does so pet and befool her, and gives up everything to her in such an absurd way."

"Then there are Mrs and the Misses Hartland; no doubt you have fallen in love with them too," said Mrs. Frazer.

"Yes indeed," I answered; "I am sure I shall like them. Those gentle, pretty-looking girls, Lizzie, we spoke to by the gate this morning."

"O yes, aunt," said Lizzie, "most attractive-looking girls."

"They seem so united and affectionate," I rejoined.

"They *seem* so, certainly," said Mrs. Frazer; "but it is not all gold that glitters. If all tales are true, they are not much more loving than poor Mrs. Quesnel and her son, who, people fancy, because they are always together, and neither of them can ever go anywhere without the other, are perfect angels: but those who are behind the scenes tell a different tale. But, really, the Hartlands are excellent people on the whole, though one does hear a few things about them that are rather odd. But it is a wonder to me how they bear with that invalid girl: if she were my daughter, I would soon make her rouse herself up a little."

"O yes," said Grace, who, I soon saw, was a very clever little mimic. "There she lies on a couch in her bedroom: 'Gertrude, love, will you be so kind as to give me that book? Thank you, dearest;' and then: 'Julia, darling, will you give me a little water?' and so on, first to one, and then to the other, instead of getting up and fetching what she wants for herself. I have no patience with her!"

"But *can* she?" I said. "I thought that she was unable to walk."

"She could walk well enough if she would but try, I have no doubt," replied Mrs. Frazer. "Indeed, I know her doctor wishes her to do so."

"It is pretty and interesting to be an invalid," rejoined Grace, as she threw herself in a graceful attitude on the couch: "it is an opportunity of showing such a pretty foot and hand as Alice Hartland's to great advantage. Now do not think me ill-natured, dear Mrs. Douglas," added she; "but really I do not think she is a bit ill. There are half-a-dozen such young ladies here, all of whom fancy it *interesting* to have weak backs or delicate chests; it is quite a fashion."

"Yes, indeed," said her mother; "what Gracy says is perfectly true, and there is quite a host of such girls; and the doctors humour their fancies. I trust I shall never see either of my daughters give into such whims."

"My dear friend," replied I, "I hope it may please God to spare you the grief of seeing one of your children prostrated as poor Alice appears to be." I felt saddened. Where was I to hope to find any of the valuable people of whom I had been told? "But surely Doctor Loyd, who attends Alice Hartland, is a man of too high principle to encourage such deception as you describe; he is as wise as he is kind," I said.

"Oh, you quite mistake there," said Agnes; "for it is he who upholds her in all her nonsense. 'Doctor Loyd objects to such a thing, and Doctor Loyd strictly forbids the other,' is forever on the lips of the whole party. You know it would not do for doctors to be to clear-sighted: what would become of their fees?"

I confess I was a little nettled as well as vexed at all this; I had conceived a very high opinion of the Hartlands, to whom I had some special introductions, and I also meant that Dr. Loyd should be my sheet-anchor, having heard as high a report of his general excellence of character as of his skill. I suppose my countenance showed that such was my feeling, for Mrs. Frazer, as if stimulated by the desire of establishing her statement, added: "Oh, it is well known that Dr. Loyd loves money: he is all that is kind and attentive to those that can pay well, but his gratuitous patients are sadly neglected. I have a high respect for him, but you will find that he is not all he appears."

"And as to Mrs. Loyd," said Agnes, "she is as proud and self-satisfied as she can live, and even more fond of money than he is."

"They do say so, my dear, certainly," said Mrs. Frazer; and certainly she has never any civility towards those who do not pay well; but, however, it may not be so. We are not intimate with her."

I began to see my error: I had thrown a spark into a bundle of combustible materials, and I was obliged to wait patiently till the fuel was burnt out, or till I could divert the flame into a more safe direction. But it was in vain that I tried to turn the conversation into another channel, although my efforts were strongly seconded by my niece, to whom the subject under discussion was as displeasing as to myself: strive as we would, we could not succeed. My friend and her daughters pursued this skirmishing warfare, slashing at and wounding every character with which they came in contact, and cutting down one by one all my hopes of finding any to love or respect amidst the large circle of human beings with which I was surrounded.

The evening was now far advanced, and I gave the signal of departure, which Lizzie was by no means sorry to hail. I felt much disposed to say on parting: "Be as merciful to us when we are gone as you can," for I felt that we had no more reason to expect immunity than any of those whose frailties and foibles we had heard so freely commented on. I was disappointed in my friends, for I saw that the precept, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren," was not present to their minds; I was disappointed also in my hopes for the future, because, although I could not but believe that they had taken a one-sided and uncharitable view of the conduct of those of whom they had spoken, yet the arrows they had shot stuck fast; and my ideas of each individual whose character had been discussed were lowered, and an element of distrust had been instilled into my mind.

Time passed on, and the results of this evil communication showed themselves. The poison worked: I had promised, on my first visit at the Hartlands, that I would occasionally go and sit with the sick girl, to whom a little society was an enjoyment, and they had kindly said that she wished for my acquaintance. But I did not go. Day after day passed, and I felt disinclined to seek the society of one of whom I had received the impression that she was both deceitful and selfish, and I feared to encourage the folly in which she was said to indulge herself. I returned Mrs. Grey's visit; but when Miss Park began to tell me some little anecdotes of past days, with which, if I had been unprejudiced, I should have been really much amused, I rather perversely withheld my interest; and instead of throwing my mind into the subjects which they brought forward, I chilled them by silence, made myself rather repulsive, and put off for a time an intimacy which I afterwards found was one well worthy of cultivation. It was much the same with all the rest of those who had been wounded by the arrows Mrs. Frazer and her daughters had shot, and which I had called forth by asking for hints about my neighbours. General and Mrs. Ticher paid me their first visit the day after I received those hints; and when the poor lady twitched her mouth in unison with her foot, I could not help thinking of her as Mrs. Twitcher; and as a few of the peculiarities, perhaps foibles, of this good couple peeped out, I am ashamed to say that the effect of the Frazer's satirical remarks was so strong on my mind, that I allowed myself to be amused with a sort of quizzing feeling, instead of gently trying whether there might not be some chord in the mind of one or other of them which might respond to the touch of a kindly hand, and make sweet melody; and I kept the conversation at low ebb, and suffered my visitors to depart without discovering that beneath a rather unattractive exterior there lay hidden hearts full of tenderest sympathies; that the gentleman was possessed of a fund of information which needed but the touch of a congenial spirit to bring it into use, a spirit I had certainly not led him to expect that he would find in me. Mrs. Ticher's lameness, I afterwards learned, originated in an accident she had encountered whilst following her husband through scenes of war and suffering, and the twitching was a spasmodic affection resulting from the injury. How often have I thought with shame on my first interview with those good people!

It was long before I called on Alice Hartland; but when I did, I soon found reason to suspect that the insinuations against her were wholly without foundation. The little foibles of manner which had been so severely condemned certainly existed. There were too many "dearests" and "darlings;" but the poor child appeared to be a genuine invalid, and most desirous of becoming otherwise, using all means prescribed for her recovery, and ready to own with thankfulness all progress towards that evidently desired end. She had been for many years confined to her couch, but her complaints were neuralgic; and hence drose the idea that she could shake them off if she would, but that she liked to be ill. Dr. Loyd was named; and the burst of affectionate gratitude which awaited the mention of him was such as to show that I had not been altogether mistaken in my original view of his character. But when I learned that this fee-loving man had for seven long years watched over this would-be invalid, bestowing on her his unvarying attention, coming sometimes for weeks together, and at his busiest seasons, daily, or even twice a day, and this "all for love, and nothing for reward;" and that though pressed and urged repeatedly to accept some remuneration, he had never been prevailed on to take a single fee during the whole of his attendance—I began, indeed, to feel how unwisely I had acted in allowing a doubt of his worth to enter my mind.

It was years before the wounds inflicted on that gossipping evening were all healed, years before I fully discovered that, though much of what was said was substantially true, yet, from the mode in which all that was faulty or foolish in each character had been placed in a prominent position, everything good and bright had been lost in obscurity, and as totally false an impression had been left on my mind as if actual falsehoods had been stated.

My readers, take warning by me—I have been stating facts, for these and similar hints were given me under the circumstances described. If you go into a new neighbourhood, never ask any one for such hints; and if any one should proffer the doubtful kindness, reject it as you would a tempting fruit that you knew was of a poisonous quality. It is more than probable that the information you would get would be just sufficient to mar all your future intercourse with your neighbours; but it is highly improbable that it would help you to steer clear of any one difficulty or inconvenience.

PERSONNEL OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

We desire to speak of Wilson with as much impartiality and freedom as though he were dead, and shall consider his personal appearance and history; his genius in its native powers and aptitudes; his achievements as a critic, humorist, writer of fiction, professor, and poet; his relation to the age; his influence on his country; and the principal defects in his genius, history and character.

We must first of all look at that magnificent presence of his, which ever haunts us and all who have seen it, as we think of him. In the case of many the body seems to belong to the mind; in Wilson the mind seemed to belong to the body. You were almost tempted to believe in materialism as you saw him walking through the street, or entering his class-room, so intensely did the body seem alive, so much did it appear to ray out meaning, motion, and power, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. You thought, at other times, of the first Adam, the stately man of red clay rising from the hand of the Almighty potter. Larger and taller men we have seen, figures more artistically framed we have seen; faces more chastely, chiselled, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," are not uncommon; but the power and peculiarity of Wilson lay in the combination of all those qualities which go to constitute a perfect man. There was his stature, about six feet two inches. There were his erect port and stately tread. There was his broad and brawny chest. There was a brow lofty, round, and broad. There were eyes, literally flames of fire when roused, and which, like Chatterton's, rolled at times as though they would have burned their sockets. There were a nose, chin, and mouth, expressing by turns firmest determination, exquisite feeling, laughing humour, and fiery rage. And flowing round his temples, but not beneath his broad shoulders, were locks of the true Celtic yellow, reminding you of the mane worn by the ancient bison in the Deu-Caledonian forests. "You are a man," said Napoleon, when he first saw Goethe. Similar exclamations were often uttered by strangers as they unexpectedly encountered Wilson in the streets. Johnson said that you could not converse five minutes with Burke under a shed without saying, "This is an extraordinary being." But in Wilson's case there was no need for his uttering a single word; his face, his eye, his port, his chest, all united in silently shining out the tidings, "This is an extraordinary man."

We will not deny that there was about him—about his look, his hair, his dress and gesture—much that seemed *outré* and savage, and which made some hypercritics talk of him as a "splendid beast, a cross between the eagle, the lion, and the man." You saw, at least, one who had been much among the woods, and much among the wild beasts, who, like Peter Bell, had often

Set his face against the sky
On mountains and on lonely moors,

who had slept for nights among the heather, who had bathed in midnight lakes, and shouted from the top of midnight hills, and robbed eagles' eyries, and made snow men, and wooed solitude as a bride; and yet, withal, there was something in his bearing which showed the scholar, the gentleman, the man of the world, and even the wag; and if you presumed on his oddity, and sought to treat him as a simpleton, or a semi-maniac, he could resent the presumption by throwing at you a word which withered you to the bone, or darting at you a glance which shrivelled you up into remorse and insignificance.

We have seen him and heard him in many of his aspects and moods, and shall try to recall some of them to our view, for the sake of our readers. We have seen him entering Blackwood's shop, with the tread of a giant, a tread that shook the very boards, the very books, the very shelves, the very shopboys, although accustomed to his presence. We have seen him in the street, or in the parliament house, or in the exhibition, surrounded three deep by acquaintances, male and female, whom he was keeping in a roar of laughter, or occasionally hushing into a little eddy of silence, which seemed starting amid the torrent of noisy life which was rushing around. We have watched him followed at noonday, through long streets, by enthusiasts and strangers, who hung upon his steps, and did "far off his shirts adore." We have seen him *monstrari digito* a thousand times, ay, and by digits that shook with awe as they pointed! We have heard him in the Assembly Rooms, speaking on the genius of Scott, a little after the death of the wizard, and in the tremble of his deep voice could read his sorrow for the personal loss, as well as his enthusiasm for the universal genius. We have heard him in his class-room, in those wild and wailing cadences, which no description can adequately re-echo, in those long, deep-drawn, slowly expiring sounds which now resembled the moanings of a forsaken cataract, and now seemed to come hoarse and hollow from the chambers of the thunder, advocating the immortality of the soul, describing Cæsar weeping at the grave of Alexander, repeating, with an energy that might have raised the dead, Scott's lines on the landing of the British in Portugal, and discovering the secret springs of laughter, beauty, sublimity, and terror, to audiences whom he melted, electrified, subdued, solemnized, exploded into mirth or awed into silence at his pleasure. And never can we forget the last time we heard, or ever hope to hear, those eloquent lips. It was in Stirling, where, addressing a large popular assembly, he threw his soul amid them, like a strong swimmer in a full-lipped sea, touching by turns their every passion, and at last, by the simple words, rendered more powerful by the proximity of the spot, "One bloody summer day at Bannockburn," raised them all to their feet in one storm of uncontrollable enthusiasm. A celebrated professor was present. He had never seen Wilson before. He was fascinated by his appearance, and struck especially by his eye. "That eye, that eye," he continued to mutter. It was certainly an extraordinary eye. Now it glittered like a sharp sunlit sword, now it assumed a dewy expression of the sliest humour, now it swam in tears, now it became dim and deep under some vast vision of grandeur which had come across it, now it seemed searching every heart among his hearers, and now it appeared to retire and communicate directly with his own. And woe to those against whom it threw out the quick flashing lightning of his wrath! It was then Cœur de Lion, in the "Talisman," with his hand and foot advanced to defend the insulted banner of England.—*Eclectic Review. Article: Professor Wilson; Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

A MODERN SAINT.

Saint Peter of Alcantara, as I have read in a life of St. Theresa, informed that devout lady that he had passed forty years of his life sleeping only an hour and a half each day. His cell was but four feet and a half long; so that he never lay down; his pillow was a wooden log in the stone wall; he ate but once in three days; he was for three years in a convent of his order without knowing any one of his brethren except by the sound of their voices, for he never during this period took his eyes off that ground; he always walked barefoot,